

THE NEW **Silver Screen** AND BIGGER!

September

0c



Paulette Goddard

**16
MORE
PAGES!**

MORE STORIES! MORE PICTURES! MORE FEATURES!

NEW FASHION DEPARTMENT!

HOW TO PLAN YOUR FALL WARDROBE!

The End of the Chapter

The papers were signed . . . the decree granted . . . it was the end of the chapter for Jim and Marion. And so her wedding ring, in accordance with the Reno tradition, went spinning into the bleak little river below, as if to wipe out forever the whole sorry business of Jim's charges and her counter-charges. Incompatibility . . . what a harmless-sounding word to separate two people. As she watched the ring disappear, some of Jim's accusations kept creeping back into her troubled mind: . . . that the said Marion was quick-tempered and unreasonable . . . that the said Marion did willfully, and intentionally, humiliate the plaintiff before friends and business associates . . . that on numerous occasions the defendant Marion's breath was objectionable and offensive to a high degree.

Her breath! Why, she hadn't even thought about that when they were married. It didn't seem possible that such a commonplace could be so important a factor. Yet, come to think of it, the breath was one of the really intimate things of life.*

Take Care, Mr. and Mrs. If you ever came face to face with a real case of halitosis* (bad breath), you can readily understand why it would be almost impossible to "live with." Even the law has been petitioned to recognize this condition in a bill for divorce filed in Cook County, Illinois.

If you're happily married and want to protect your happiness, don't neglect

your breath. Keep it fresher, sweeter, and purer with Listerine Antiseptic, notable for its antiseptic and deodorizing effect.

Anyone May Offend. Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions. But usually and fortunately, it is due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Excessive smoking is also a contributing factor.

Before Meeting Others. Why not take the delightful precaution that so many fastidious people rely on? Why not get in the habit of using Listerine morning and night and between times before business and social engagements? This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant first freshens and invigorates the entire mouth, quickly halts fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately the breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

This pleasant precaution takes only a minute or two, and you are more than repaid by the sense of security and well being it gives you when you are out to appear at your best. Put Listerine on your shopping list right now. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



Don't let halitosis end the chapter for you . . . try LISTERINE

It hurts to find another's name where you hoped to see your own!



Helen could win happiness — if she'd learn that Mum each day guards charm!

ANOTHER WEDDING INVITATION! "So," thought Helen, "they will soon be married." Some other girl—no more attractive, no prettier—had won the man that *Helen* loved.

Yes—it happens! And it's so easy to blame *circumstances* for loneliness... so hard to admit that *you* may have been to blame. But a fault like underarm odor—a simple thing like forgetting Mum each day—can spoil even a pretty girl's charm!

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to keep you fresh all day! Bathing removes only *past* perspiration. *Future* odor must be prevented each day, if you want to be sure underarms are fresh. Mum after your bath prevents odor. Mum every day makes you *certain* you won't offend!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so easy to use... so dependable... that women find it a "must" for day-to-day charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! You're through in 30 seconds with Mum.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm fabrics—the American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you that. Use Mum even *after* you've dressed. And after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES POPULARITY! Mum makes underarm odor impossible—not by at-

tempting to prevent the perspiration—but by neutralizing the *odor*. Today—get Mum at your druggist's. The daily Mum habit means that underarm odor can't spoil your charm!

* * *

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM— More women use Mum for this purpose than any other deodorant. Mum is safe—easy to use—makes you *sure* you won't offend.

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Opening Chorus

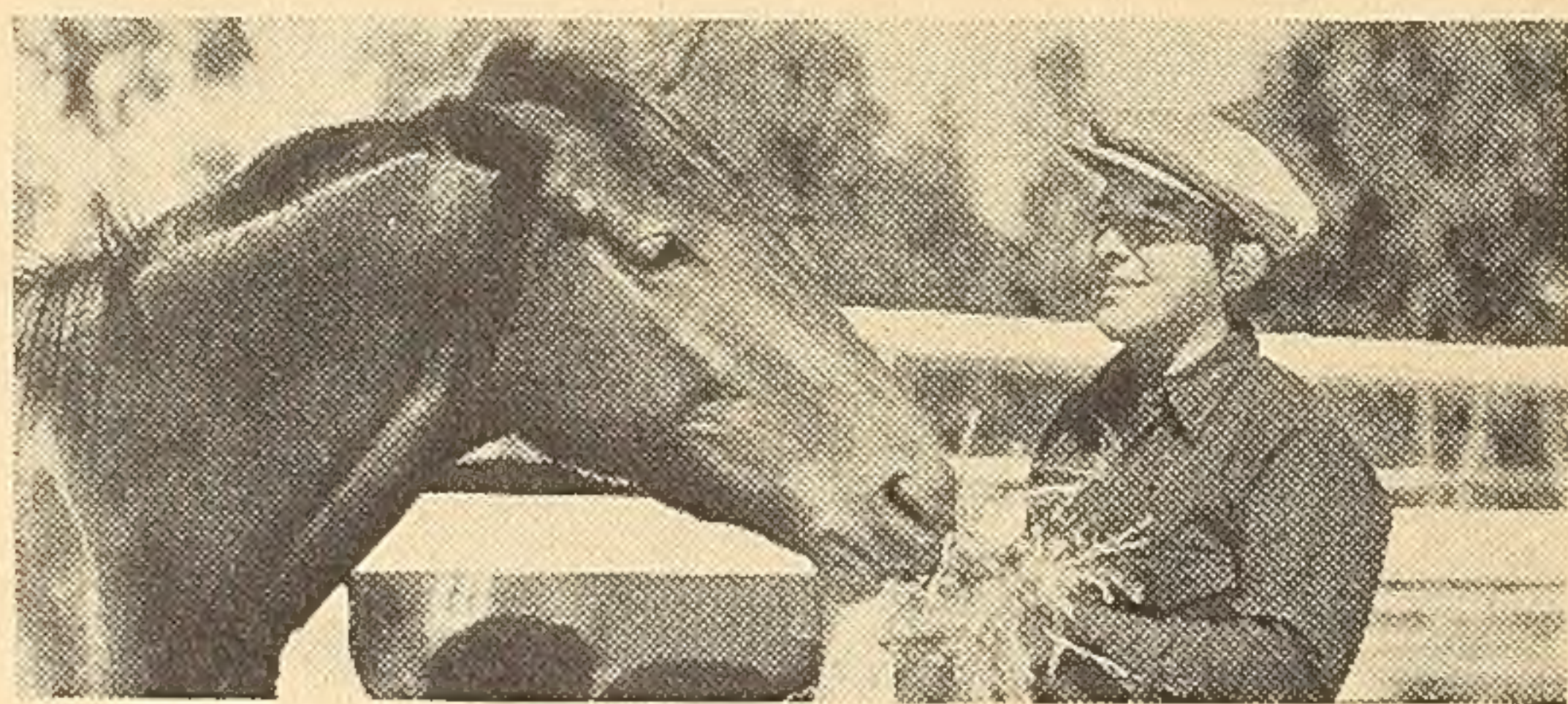
THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

What with the Hollywood Park racetrack (*which isn't in Hollywood at all, but in Inglewood*) being so beautiful and so convenient, and what with me having so little money, I suppose it was only natural that I should find myself out at the track trying my luck with the Sport of Kings. It would have been far better for me if I had contented myself with a parchesi board, which I guess can be called the sport of peasants, like me.

Anyway, it was all very gala with Marlene Dietrich wearing a most amazing hat. I saw a whole slue of movie stars, including Deanna Durbin and her boy friend, Vaughn Paul, and Mickey Rooney trying to hide behind an Oliver Hardy sort of guy. Mickey has been told by his Alma Mater studio that he is too young to go to tracks, and if Mr. Mayer catches him there he'll probably birch him good. Well, at least, I bear Mickey and Deanna no grudge, but the rest of those movie stars, well—

No, I can't exactly say that they actually gave me all those bad tips—I can't really accuse them of proclaiming a "Get Liza Day"—but anyway I'm a little mad about the whole thing. I'd just sort of sidle up when they were making their bets and say, so very brightly, "What have you got in this race, Bing, old boy," etc., as after all who am I to know more about horses than Bing Crosby, George Raft, Don Ameche, Spencer Tracy, Fred Astaire, Virginia Bruce, Constance Bennett, and Marlene Dietrich? Well, all I've got to say is that if they select their pictures the way they do their horses it's no wonder that Mr. Mayer, Mr. Zanuck, and Mr. Warner are constantly having to clamp down on them. Why they know from nothing.



BING CROSBY

Thanks to Puddin' in the fifth, Orenco in the sixth, Shantytown in the seventh, and Honey Car in the eighth I am now a sadder, but wiser, person. After I had lost ten bucks I got frantic and nearly went to pieces—and it was just at that moment, most fortunately, that my eye fell on a nag named Hysterical. That's for me, I said feeling the way I do, and that, my friend, was my one winner of the day—no credit due the Messieurs Crosby, Raft, Ameche, Tracy and Astaire.

The Sport of Kings, eh, well you can give it right back to the Kings.

Liza

Silver Screen

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Western Editor

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Staff Photographer

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF PAULETTE GODDARD BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1940 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A.
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



IMAGINE !

They're all in one picture and it's a sensation!

CLARK GABLE
SPENCER TRACY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
HEDY LAMARR

in

BOOM TOWN



Screen Play by John Lee Mahin • Based on a Story by James Edward Grant • Directed by
JACK CONWAY • Produced by Sam Zimbalist • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Hollywood Earfuls

The most amusing of the current whisperings concerning the activities of the screen stars while at work and at play

In her forthcoming picture, "Spring Parade," Deanna Durbin, for the first time in her career, does a specialty dance. It's called the Czardas, a Hungarian peasant dance. Larry Ceballos taught Deanna the routine.



Left: Dolores Del Rio with Orson Welles to whom she gave a silver slave bracelet which he had soldered to his wrist. Right: Gary Cooper enjoying his conversation with Ann Dvorak at the new Pirates' Den. His wife and her hubby were in the party.



ANOTHER romance reported to be getting cooler by the minute is that of Norma Shearer and George Raft. Seems that Georgie, in his sincere enthusiasm for Norma, talked too much to the reporters and interviewers—and Norma didn't like.

The George Brent-Ann Sheridan is a very sensible fifty-fifty give and take romance. George goes dancing with Ann, though he was never one for night clubs,

and Ann goes sailing with George, though she was never one for boats.

When a local newspaper printed that Dolores Del Rio would announce her engagement to Orson Welles at a Ciro's party Dolores was much upset. She can't very well announce her engagement to Mr. Welles, when she hasn't even announced her divorce from Mr. Gibbons.

Happy—though—married Clark Gable keeps Carole Lombard's dressing room

filled with red roses. And Gene Raymond keeps Jeanette MacDonald well supplied with pink roses, pink being Jeanette's favorite color.

Margaret Lindsay is a gal who's proud of her prowess in sports. When boy friend William Lundigan suggested recently that they take up riding, Margaret hedged, saying she'd like to put it off until the following week. Truth is, Margaret's

[Continued on page 10]

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
THE SHOW IMMENSE . . .

**Captain Crosby and his Colossal Crew
of Comely Ladies and Comic Lads in a
Streamlined Musical Entertainment featuring
Seven (count 'em, folks) Hit Tunes to make September
a Month you'll Remember!**



BASIL (Fugitive From
Those Heavy Roles)
RATHBONE

BING (The One and
Only) CROSBY

MARY (Her Heart Belongs
to Daddy Crosby) MARTIN

LILLIAN (Wow, Is She
Swell) CORNELL

OSCAR (Make Mine Beethoven,
"Information, Please") LEVANT

"RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"

starring

BING CROSBY • MARY MARTIN • BASIL RATHBONE

with

Oscar Levant • Lillian Cornell • Oscar Shaw • Charley Grapewin
Jean Cagney • William Frawley • John Scott Trotter

Directed by Victor Schertzinger • Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • Based
on a story by Billy Wilder and Jacques Thery • A Paramount Picture

"When the Moon Comes Over
Madison Square" (or "The
Love Lament of a Western Gent")

"That's For Me"
"Only Forever"

"Ain't It A Shame About Mame"
"What Would Shakespeare Have Said"

"I Don't Want to Cry Any More"
"Rhythm on the River"

Tips on Pictures

The ones to see and the ones to miss!

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO (Warners)—It is interesting to recall "We Are Not Alone," with Paul Muni and Jane Bryan, one of the finest pictures Warners ever made. Yet it was by no means a box-office sensation. Oddly enough, "All This, And Heaven Too" is basically the same story with the same sort of principal characters. But thanks to the popularity of Bette Davis and Charles Boyer, its co-stars, it definitely will make box-office history.

ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS (RKO)—Audiences are apt to find this film too overly quaint and old-fashioned for satisfactory entertainment. Despite a gifted performance by Anne Shirley in the title role and an equally accomplished job by James Ellison in the male lead, this story of the young school teacher, who comes to a community where at first she's not wanted, remains uninteresting.

BROTHER ORCHID (Warners)—Edward G. Robinson in a hits-the-spot gangster yarn. He turns over his protection racket to Humphrey Bogart to live a life of luxury. He soon goes broke, comes back, but when he tries to regain his power, Bogart lets him have it. He finds a hideout in a monastery and reforms, but not before smashing Bogart's gang for interfering with the sale of the monastery's flowers. Ann Sothorn, as his dizzy jilted girl friend, is a scream.

CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE (RKO)—Notable because it marks the return of Gene Raymond to the screen. He's a young doctor, driving across the country, and Wendy Barrie, as a rather screwy runaway heiress, stows away in his trailer. Just the sort of light entertainment for a summer's evening.

EARTHBOUND (20th Century-Fox)—Supernatural stories always are hazardous screen vehicles since it's so easy for them to go silly. This example, which has to do with a dead man being haunted by the living, just manages to squeeze by. Warner Baxter is the unfortunate who must stay unseen on earth, even though dead,

until he rights several wrongs of which he's been guilty. Included in the cast are Andrea Leeds, Lynn Bari, Charles Grapevin and Harry Wilcoxon.

FOUR SONS (20th Century-Fox)—A forceful, timely re-make of the silent film [Continued on page 15]



Above: A rollicking scene from "My Love Came Back," with Olivia de Havilland and Charles Winninger. It's Olivia's first picture since she did Melanie in "Gone With The Wind." Right: James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan in "The Mortal Storm," a forceful film of Hitlerism which pulls no punches. Below: Fredric March and Joan Crawford in a scene from "Susan and God," in which Joan gives the best performance of her long career.



"Lucky Cisco Kid" has the dashing Cesar Romero in the title role. The lassie with him is Mary Beth Hughes. Also in the cast is Evelyn Venable.

**THIS
IS THE MATCHLESS ADVENTURE
THAT SETS A NEW EXCITEMENT-PEAK
FOR THE SCREEN!**

**ERROL
FLYNN**

in the thrill-swept story of 'The
Robin Hood of the Seas'

The Sea Hawk

A New WARNER BROS. Success
With More than a Thousand Players, including
BRENDA MARSHALL
CLAUDE RAINS
DONALD CRISP • FLORA ROBSON
ALAN HALE

Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**
Screen Play by Howard Koch and Seton I. Miller
Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Your theatre manager will tell you gladly the date of this engagement •

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

horsemanship isn't so hot, and knowing Bill to be a darned good rider she wanted a little time to brush up without admitting her shortcomings. On some pretext or another, she ducked up to Santa Barbara to visit a friend who is a marvelous horsewoman, and started her campaign. In her most dignified manner she asked for an English saddle (which she had never used before), and went for a long ride that lasted three hours. Result was that she was so sore and stiff that she couldn't move for the rest of her visit. Riding is now a taboo subject between Bill and Margaret these days.

June was anniversary month for Jeanette MacDonald. She celebrated her third wedding anniversary with Gene Raymond on the 16th, and her birthday on the 18th. M-G-M celebrated Jeanette's birthday by starting production of her next picture, that famous musical "Bittersweet."

Doubt not that the great Garbo has a sense of humor. At a dinner party not long ago she was served black-eyed peas which had been cooked with hot Mexican peppers. She noticed that everyone was drinking tall glasses of beer. "I know the only reason you eat this hot food is an excuse to drink beer," commented Miss Garbo.

And from Dorothy Manners we lifted the following:

Erich Maria Remarque is taking dancing lessons twice daily from Eleanore Walsh, and while he is a persistent pupil his heart doesn't seem to be in it. So Miss Walsh asked him:

"If you don't like to dance, Mr. Remarque, why are you trying so hard?"

"It's the photographers," sighed the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front." "I've been photographed twice dancing with Miss Marlene Dietrich and



Socialite Julie Brown Colt, of Washington, D. C., and Cary Grant pass judgment on a caricature of Cary done by Zel as they dined at the Brown Derby.

the effect is that she is going her way and I am going mine!"

At the party given by the Edward G. Robinsons to aid the American Red Cross a kiss from Marlene Dietrich was auctioned off by Master-of-Ceremonies Harry Crocker. Marlene's escorts, Erich Maria Remarque and Joe Von Sternberg, bid against each other until they had raised the bid to \$1000. A Mr. Bill Palmer, a visitor from the East, said \$1025, and got Marlene's lipstick on his lips.

The most amusing Shirley Temple story of the month is the one about the little girl who goes to school with Shirley and who told her mother, "Shirley isn't going to work in pictures any more until she starts her farewell tour when she's thirteen or fourteen."

The busiest man in Hollywood these days is Dick Powell. Besides working on his Paramount picture, and his radio broadcast, he dashes off every Saturday night to spend Sunday with Joan Blondell who is on tour with the Al Woods' play "Goodbye to Love."

Guy Kibbee fans are furious because RKO did not give him the lead in the Scattergood Baines series. Guy was kind of hurt himself, but he was appeased when he received a wire from New York asking him to play the lead in a "Scattergood" play which the author, Clarence Buddington Kelland, and stage producer, Arthur Hopkins, are working on.

Every day before going to lunch Bette Davis receives a gardenia on "The Letter" set. There is no card with it, and the company speaks of it as the mystery gardenia. But everybody knows that it comes from Bette's newest boy friend, Robert Taplinger.

When Greg Bautzer (he who used to go steady with Lana Turner) returned

from New York recently Dottie Lamour was right there at the airport to meet him. Furthermore, she accompanied him to the Hollywood Bar Association meeting and pepped up legal matters considerably by giving out with a few songs. Dottie usually gets paid well when she sings, but she did her best numbers free, all for Greg. It must be love.

Jean Arthur wants her next screen wedding to be indoors. When, in a lavish outdoor ceremony, she married William Holden in "Arizona" recently the temperature was 130 on the big set in Tucson. You can't look romantic in that heat.

Virginia Bruce and her husband, J. Walter Ruben, were most chagrined when their favorite race horse, Big Ed, who had practically eaten them out of house and home in feed bills, was claimed in a claiming race at Hollywood Park—and immediately started out to break track records for his new owner. They were so disgusted at such ingratitude, in fact, that they've decided to sell all their horses, just retaining one mare and Big Ed's brother, which they will breed. They are in the process of building additional corrals, and a workout track on their new farm to take care of the situation.

Another horse that got claimed in a claiming race at Hollywood Park is Bing Crosby's Olympio. And Bing is wondering how he can break the sad news to his kids. Olympio didn't go in for breaking any track records, but he was the most lovable horse of the Binglin Stables and the favorite of the Crosby kids who fed him carrots by the hour.

If Joel McCrea ever lived in a boarding house he'd have a terrific advantage over the rest of the diners. His shirt sleeve length is thirty-eight and a half, compared to the average man's thirty-four inches.



Robert Young and Lynn Carver going over their lines between scenes of "One Came Home," horse racing yarn.

The Bride Is Dizzy . . .



The Bridegroom's Busy

So Ronald's Pinch-Hitting On Their Honeymoon



It's sensational—it's screwy—it's a scream—this story of a substitute bridegroom and the part-time bride he won on a sweepstake ticket. Not since "My Favorite Wife" have there been such laughs for sale at the movies. Come on . . . have fun!

Ronald Colman • Ginger Rogers
"LUCKY PARTNERS"

With SPRING BYINGTON • JACK CARSON • Cecilia Loftus • Billy Gilbert • Hugh O'Connell
HARRY EDINGTON, Executive Producer • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT • Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE • RKO Radio Picture

Screen Play by Allan Scott Adapted from the story "Bonne Chance" by Sacha Guitry

Checking On Their Comments

By Frederick
James Smith

In giving interviews, the stars don't always mean precisely what they say. So let's read between-the-lines and see what they really mean

JOHN BARRYMORE is playing himself, or somebody suspiciously like John Barrymore, in "The Great Profile." John has a sense of humor or he wouldn't tackle the job. Moreover, the enjoyment he has been getting out of occupying Shirley Temple's former dressing room-bungalow on the 20th Century-Fox lot is a further proof of the Barrymore s. of h. John was as happy as a lark when he told me—

"At last! After long years of waiting—waiting while the hair above my temples grew grey and I grew haggard with the delay—I'm finally getting a chance to play my own imitation of John Barrymore.

"Just for the purpose of keeping the record straight, the script is not at all autobiographical. It's a sort of composite picture of all the ham actors of all time—with a slight—oh, ever so slight—tongue in the cheek emphasis on myself.

"Just between us, that slight emphasis on myself is what has me a bit worried. What will Fredric March and Adolphe Menjou think? Both gave such superb imitations of me, that I wonder how they will accept my, shall I say, homey or folksy version? Awaiting the fateful day, however, I might warn Freddie in particular that his conscience is none too clear. When I went backstage after his

"Dis job I'm doin' in 'They Drive By Night,' convinces me I'm on the right track. I'm a nice guy in this thing," states Humphrey Bogart in character.

performance of 'The Royal Family,' March threw up his hands in defense the moment he saw my face. I also know a couple of things about Adolphe that I've been holding back just for this occasion.

"Seriously, though, I appreciated the performances of March and Menjou a lot. They both had me down to a 'T'—or should I say, down to the hinge in my knees? But, while it's said that imitation is a sincere form of flattery, I wonder if I can do the original justice!"

Perish the worry, John. You'll do the original justice. You've been doing John Barrymore justice—and injustice—for years. You've been great, as with your stage "Hamlet" and your film "Bill of Divorcement." I won't go into the other side. Here you will run the gamut, ham to heroic. You can do it with ease.

BETTE DAVIS wants to get away from it all. In brief, she wants to do a comedy. Can you blame her when

Bette Davis, pictured here attending the preview of "All This, And Heaven Too," with boy friend, Bob Taplinger, remarks, "Some day I want to do a real comedy. I honestly think I could be very, very funny." Do you think so too?

you hear the pathos of her comment to me? Let me quote Bette:

"I've gone crazy several times. I've been murdered, I've been tortured, I've lost my eyesight, I've been clapped in jail from 'Bordertown' to 'All This, and Heaven Too.' In 'Elizabeth and Essex' I was a queen, a good beginning, but in the end I had to lop off Errol Flynn's head. And, when I was an empress in 'Juarez' I lost both my handsome husband and my wits.

"So I really would like to do a comedy.

"This ambition reverses the usual dramatic impulse, I suppose. Comedians always want to do "Hamlet." Laugh-clown-laugh yearns to strut his brief moment upon some tragic stage. Well, I think I understand the frustrated ambitions of the clowns, for there is a great kinship between tragedy and comedy, after all. Sometimes there is scarcely any difference.





Says John Barrymore, now engaged in making "The Great Profile," for 20th Century-Fox, "What will Fredric March and Adolphe Menjou think? Both gave such superb imitations of me I wonder how they will accept my, shall I say, homey or folksy version?"



"Every time I feel myself thinking I am a little bit important, one thought of the old days quickly squelches me," admits Anne Shirley.

"'Calamity Jane,' my next picture, is hardly a comedy, though, unless it's funny to see a girl in pants shooting from the hip. That'll be me, who's so afraid of guns that I always hide in a closet with Tibbie, my Scottie, on the Fourth of July. But there'll be plenty of lusty Western humor in 'Calamity' and I'll be glad of it.

"Some day I want to do a real comedy. I honestly think I could be very, very funny. Perhaps, as a soubrette in a light-hearted music-comedy. But it would have to be one in which very little singing ability was required. I want to be comic—but not too funny."

The Sun now demands that you change your POWDER!

Yes, you need a new shade to match your Summer Complexion!

says Lady Esther



ARE YOU MAKING the most of the lovely new complexion that Nature and the Sun have given you? Or are you using your old *winter shade* of powder and risking the chance of looking *older than you are*?

For today, you have a new summer complexion that demands a *new shade* of powder—one that will bring out all the richer, younger-looking tones of your skin!

Yes, right now the SHADE of your powder can be of tremendous importance. But . . . the QUALITY of your powder can count even MORE!

For in summer, you need a *grit-free* powder that helps hide tiny wrinkles—a powder that will cling to your skin for 4 long hours! Why, you can put my powder on say after dinner at 8... and at midnight it will still be bringing you compliments!

Lady Esther asks—Won't you please try my powder? I offer you 10 glorious new summer shades. Mail the coupon—find the *one and only shade* for your summer skin!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (59)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

WHO'D THINK THIS

Amazing

MONTHLY PROTECTION

(WORN INTERNALLY)

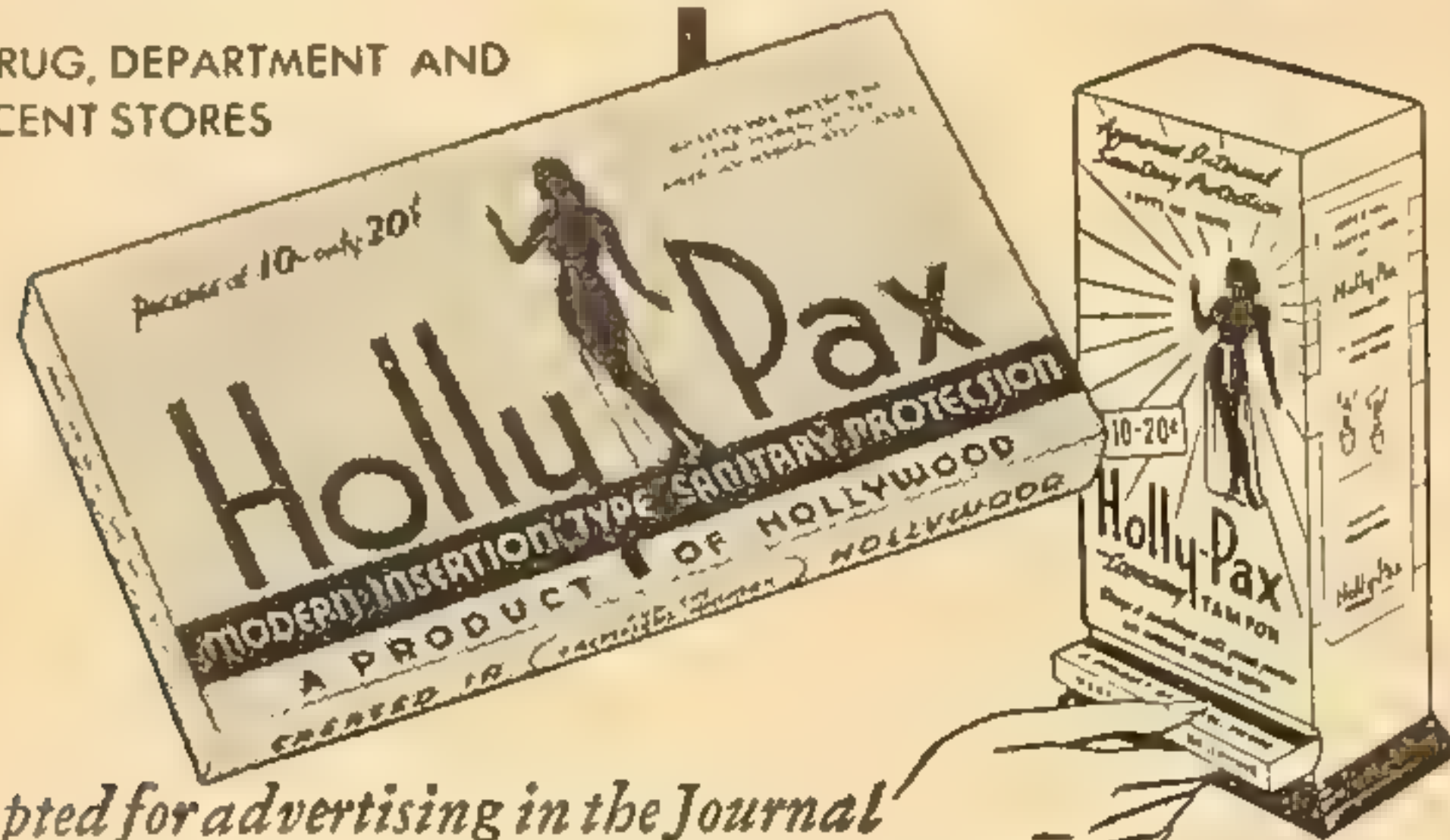
could be so thrifty, too!

IMAGINE getting a smaller, easier-to-use tampon—with truly *astounding* absorbency—at HOLLY-PAX' low cost! Super service—money-saving price—here's *double* economy! Do try HOLLY-PAX.

Holly-Pax

THE ECONOMY TAMPON—10 for 20¢

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I'm for an actress who doesn't take her art too seriously. Bette has a swell sense of humor, she hasn't lost her perspective in observing herself. I think she's the best actress on the screen. Probably it's because of that very sanity. So give me Bette in comedy pants, shooting from the hip. My cheers are impatiently waiting.

ALLA NAZIMOVA is playing with Norma Shearer in Ethel Vance's "Escape." The Russian actress has long been absent from the screen, so her comments upon the Hollywood of today have real interest. Says Alla—

"I am frankly amazed by the progress Hollywood has made in every department. This is a much better, a far more efficient Hollywood than the one I knew twenty years ago. Any comparison is unfavorable to the past. The studio of the silent days lacked organization. If something went wrong, there was no one to take responsibility. Time was of no great importance. When difficulties arose, you just sat around and waited until the tangles had been straightened out, which often took hours. The motion picture actor today is fortunate. Acting on the screen has improved, because the actor has nothing to think about but his performance. There are wardrobe girls, make-up people and hairdressers to see that you are ready to play a scene at the exact moment it is scheduled.

"In 1920 we had none of these helpful associates; we tried to do too much. Like myself, most of us were writing, directing and even cutting pictures as well as acting before the camera. And these things in addition to putting on our own make-up, fixing our hair and selecting our costumes. In the old days, we of the theatre were outraged by the inefficiency of the motion picture business. Now everyone has a definite job and it is done well."

Maybe, Alla, but somehow I have a lingering doubt. Out of all this efficiency come mechanized units of drama, but frequently the spontaneity and the spark of the old time movie is lacking. I, for one, haven't forgotten your first picture, "War Brides." Let's see . . . that was 1916. It was a startling, electric sermon against war and it emerged from that old time jumble of inefficiency. Modern movie making is smoothly geared, expertly detailed. It needs a few erratic geniuses to override production schedules. Which sounds as if I were paging Mr. Chaplin.

ANNE SHIRLEY is on the brink of a great experience. Here is a girl who has grown up in pictures, to whom the films have been a magic carpet. Today she has everything, most of all personal happiness. How does it all feel? Here is what she says:

"It's all hard to believe. I have to pinch myself to make sure everything is real. When I look back eighteen years, when my name was Dawn O'Day, I was actually scared stiff of Hollywood. I was only three years old. My mother and I used to make the rounds of all the studios with very little success. When my big chance came,

I was still afraid. Every time I feel myself thinking I am a little bit important, one thought of the old days quickly squelches me. I often wonder if I really am Anne Shirley.

"Hollywood has not proven a cold, forboding place to me. Maybe I have been fortunate enough to see only the good side. I hope to be able to spend the rest of my days in this town which I feel is responsible for my entire happiness. I met John here—John Payne, my husband. I still think that Hollywood has done more for me than I can ever do for Hollywood. Still, having my name in lights, my picture career, those things are not so important to me at this moment. The reason being, if you don't already know, I'm expecting a baby sometime in July."

It's nice to know Hollywood isn't a big, cruel, impersonal town, at least to some. Pleasant to know it can be kind and generous. As I write this, Anne Shirley must be happy. Our congratulations await the Blessed Event. But, please, Anne Shirley, no more things like "Anne of Windy Poplars." I can't abide so much sweetness and light.

HUMPHREY BOGART is tired of being the screen's No. 1 merchant of menace. He's tired of being the cruel killer. That all started when he was the bad man of "The Petrified Forest" on the Broadway stage and was imported to Hollywood to duplicate the role in the films. Says Bogart, in character:

"Get me right, boys, it ain't that. I'm turnin' soft. Nothin' like that. It's just that I'm beginnin' to think there jus' ain't no future in the rackets.

"It's all okey for a kid, I guess. But I been puttin' guys on the spot for years now. I been double-crossin' dames, even me own mudder, if y' wanna know. I been dishin' it out and I been takin' it. I been kicked down four flights of stairs, slapped in the kisser and this carcass has stopped so many slugs I lost count.

"It's beginnin' to wear on me. I'm gettin' bored by the whole layout. I wanna go straight. Dis job I'm doin' now in 'They Drive By Night' convinces me I'm on the right track. I'm a nice guy in this thing. I hardly know how to act—and no cracks, buddy—it's all s'different, get me? This time I'm a right guy, see? Me for that. I wanna get outa the rackets."

To that I say, be satisfied, buddy. You're lucky to be typed, lucky to be in the money. I doubt if the public would want you as a kindly, well meaning gent. Hollywood has too many colorless lads playing heroes, who personify the right sort of thing. You can give a nice, healthy tang to wrong-doing, you put a happy gusto into your killing. In brief, you probably represent a whole lot of folks' suppressed desires.

Keep your gat, Bogart, and forget the homely virtues.

Be sure to turn to page 51 for
School For Smartness
Silver Screen's New and Enlarged
Fashion Department

Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 8]

of the same name, but with the present war as a background. It takes place in Czechoslovakia with Eugenie Leontovich as the mother of the four sons, Don Ameche, Alan Curtis, George Ernest and Robert Lowery. Without the use of bloody battle scenes, it shows the horror and sorrow wrought by Hitler's hordes. Don't miss it.

ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN (Columbia)—The idea of this film evidently was to give the audience chills and thrills in big doses. To make sure, Peter Lorre was cast in the principal role as an insane man who owns an island, captures men and brings them there as slaves to mine diamonds. But even with sinister Peter around the chills and thrills peter out.

LOVE, HONOR AND OH-BABY (Universal)—A fast-moving ribbing of gangsters who make a living murdering people. Dejected Donald Woods arranges to have himself murdered so his sister can collect his insurance. Whereupon he meets the only girl in the world for him and from there on the fun really begins. Kathryn Adams is the lass and Wallace Ford, as a newspaper reporter, manages to be the best performer in the picture.

LUCKY CISCO KID (20th Century-Fox)—Cesar Romero furnishes another effective portrayal of the Mexican Lone Ranger. Chris-Pin Martin, as his shadow, also continues to delight, despite a wearisome plot about a widow and a mortgage. Evelyn Venable is the lovely widow. Mary Beth Hughes is an eyeful as a dance hall queen.

MANHATTAN HEARTBEAT (20th Century-Fox)—When originally presented this was called "Bad Girl," and starred James Dunn and Sally Eilers. Now it has two promising newcomers in the lead roles, Robert Sterling and Virginia Gilmore, who turn in first rate performances as the woman-hater and the girl he ultimately marries. Joan Davis takes extremely good care of the comedy situations. It's still a graphic story of young married life.

MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON (RKO)—Five millionaires suddenly find themselves behind prison bars. Of the five, only one deserves sympathy. He's a doctor who got plastered and smacked into a pedestrian. The doctor is Truman Bradley, former radio star. Lee Tracy is the warden and helps him reform and be a credit to his profession. Linda Hayes and Virginia Vale comprise the femme interest.

MY LOVE CAME BACK (Warners)—It's nice having Olivia de Havilland back with us again especially in a frothy, smartly directed comedy in which she appears as a serious student of the violin. Charles Winninger, as her elderly, but romantic benefactor, is responsible for getting things revolving in a messy whirl, but Jeffrey Lynn succeeds in straightening them out. Eddie Albert and Jane Wyman have important roles.

NEW MOON (M-G-M)—An elaborately produced musical co-starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. It's remarkably refreshing in these dull and gloomy times. Both Jeanette and Nelson warble the familiar Romberg tunes with ease and effectiveness. The setting is New Orleans, during French Colonial days, which makes possible some lavish pageantry. Mary Boland, H. B. Warner, Grant Mitchell, and John Miljan are especially enjoyable in supporting roles.

PHANTOM RAIDERS (M-G-M)—Nick Carter, in the person of handsome Walter Pidgeon, goes a'sleuthing again and quite entertainingly, too. This time he puts an end to a group of insurance thieves in Panama who've been mysteriously blowing up ships with fake cargoes and then collecting. Donald Meek, Joseph Schildkraut, Florence Rice and Steffi Duna are also a part of the activities.

POP ALWAYS PAYS (RKO)—The first of a series of comedies starring Leon Errol, it gets them off to a fast and hilarious start. Leon is ably and comically aided by Walter Catlett, Marjorie Gateason, Tom Kennedy, Dennis O'Keefe and Adele Pearce. The script is nothing more than a series of gags, but even the worst of them is good for a chuckle, because of the expert direction.

PRIVATE AFFAIRS (Universal)—A highly pleasing comedy about an unbending Bostonian grandfather who stands in the way of his granddaughter's happy marriage and his own son's making a sizeable fortune. All, of course, ends happily with Roland Young, Montagu Love, Nancy Kelly, Bob Cummings and Hugh Herbert carrying out their chores commendably.

QUEEN OF THE MOB (Paramount)—It's as melodramatic as its title infers with Blanche Yurka well chosen for the role of the Queen. It's factual stuff from J. Edgar Hoover's "Persons in Hiding," and thrillingly relates the story of "Ma" Barker and her three notorious sons. Ralph Bellamy and Jack Carson are the G-Men who eventually bring the Queen and her sons to justice.

SAFARI (Paramount)—True, the story is about a hunting expedition into an African jungle, but it's done in a modern manner with no attacks from wild cannibals or any of the other usual melodramatic happenings and hardships. It's a love story with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a young adventurer, winning Madeleine Carroll away from Tullio Carminati, her wealthy fiance, who finances the expedition. It's a new approach for a jungle film.

SUSAN AND GOD (M-G-M)—You'll see a new Joan Crawford in this screen version of the well known stage hit. As a once-sophisticated leader of society, who becomes engulfed in a phony religious

[Continued on page 17]

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"HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!"



BEING a movie star does have its unpleasant moments, too. For example, in "Boom Town," Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable do a sequence in which they meet on a wooden plank stretched over a mud-hole. Each tries to make the other get out of the way. In the course of this scuffling, someone starts shooting down the street and both, for safety's sake, dive headlong into the mud. Coming up first, Clark good naturedly tries to shake hands with Spencer who says, "Aw nuts!" and walks away. Mud-holes are nothing new to Clark. He did a nosedive into one in "Too Hot To Handle." Remember? After the sequence was shot the boys went back to their dressing rooms to get out of their messy clothes. When they had cleaned up and gotten into dry clothes, Director Jack Conway summoned them and announced he wasn't satisfied with the "take" and they'd have to do it all over!



movement, Joan gives a performance that only a great actress, such as she has become, would be capable of. Fredric March and Rita Quigley carry off the remaining honors as Joan's drunken husband and neglected daughter.

THE GHOST BREAKERS (Paramount)—It's funnier than "The Cat and the Canary," which also co-starred Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope, and that should be reason enough for your seeing it. Paulette is an heiress who inherits a spooky castle off Cuba and Bob Hope is a radio commentator who goes along with her, bringing his valet, Willie Best, with him. The script is cleverly written and Bob and Paulette more than make the most of it.

THE MORTAL STORM (M-G-M)—No punches have been pulled in filming this indictment of Hitler's intolerance. Frank Morgan as an eminent scientist, Professor Roth, gives the most compelling performance of his career. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Robert Young, Maria Ouspenskaya, Irene Rich and Bonita Granville all help immeasurably to make it an outstanding production.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS (RKO)—This will remind you tremendously of "Goodbye Mr. Chips," although basically it's quite different. It takes place at Rugby in England where Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the headmaster, has difficulty no end inaugurating and carrying

out the "honor system." But he finally succeeds. Jimmy Lydon, Freddie Bartholomew, Billy Halop, and Josephine Hutchinson are particularly praiseworthy.

UNTAMED (Paramount)—Years ago Clara Bow made this saga of the north woods and they called it "Mantrap." The modern version, with Patricia Morison in the same role Clara had, and Ray Milland and Akim Tamiroff in the male leads, is considerably better entertainment, thanks chiefly to a terrific blizzard sequence which is the best yet filmed.

WOMEN IN WAR (Republic)—Another attack against war is this vivid tale of war nurses in which Elsie Janis returns to the screen. Wendy Barrie and Patric Knowles, as an aviator, supply the romantic interest. The most exciting part of the film is when the nursing unit trucks are caught in a barrage. Mae Clarke also returns to the screen in this picture.

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH (Universal)—The Dead End Kids, headed by Billy Halop, learn of an Italian woman, owner of a fruit farm, who keeps yearning for the return of her son, lost as an infant fifteen years ago. Billy leads her to believe he is the long lost son. But, instead of walking off with the loot as planned, the Kids stay on and become heroes when the Fruit Growers Association makes trouble for the woman. It's one of the best for the Dead End Kids.

Gary Cooper Contest Winners!

Following is the list of the 26 prize winners in the recent Gary Cooper Contest. They submitted the best descriptive sentences of Gary Cooper composed of words made up from the 48 letters appearing in the announcement, Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," a Samuel Goldwyn Production.

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25 OTHER PRIZE WINNERS

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HELENA MARY BRACE
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New Westminster, B.C.
Canada

MARJORIE BROWN
65 Davis Ave.
Hackensack, N. J.

SARAH CAVENDER
4035 Black Point Rd.
Honolulu, Hawaii

ELEANOR CONTE
428 W. Division
Ishpeming, Mich.

D. L. DeBAUN
50 West Side Ave.
Haverstraw, N. Y.

MARGUERITE FINCH
128 Church St.
Ramsey, N. J.

MARGARET FISHER
36 Boynton St.
Waltham, Mass.

JOSEPH FOGARTY
15 West 84th St.
New York, N. Y.

MICKEY JACKSON
1178 College Ave.
Elmira, N. Y.

JEAN JOHNSON
52 Rotary Ave.
Binghamton, N. Y.

MARIAN KLANN
15157 Meyers St.
Allen Park, Mich.

FRANCESCA LENNOX
2528 N. New Jersey St.
Indianapolis, Ind.

BETTY MADDUX
3301 S. 18th St.
St. Louis, Mo.

MILDRED MILLER
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NEYSA J. MITCHELL
885 Portland Ave.
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EVELYN MOULD
2110 Amsterdam Ave.
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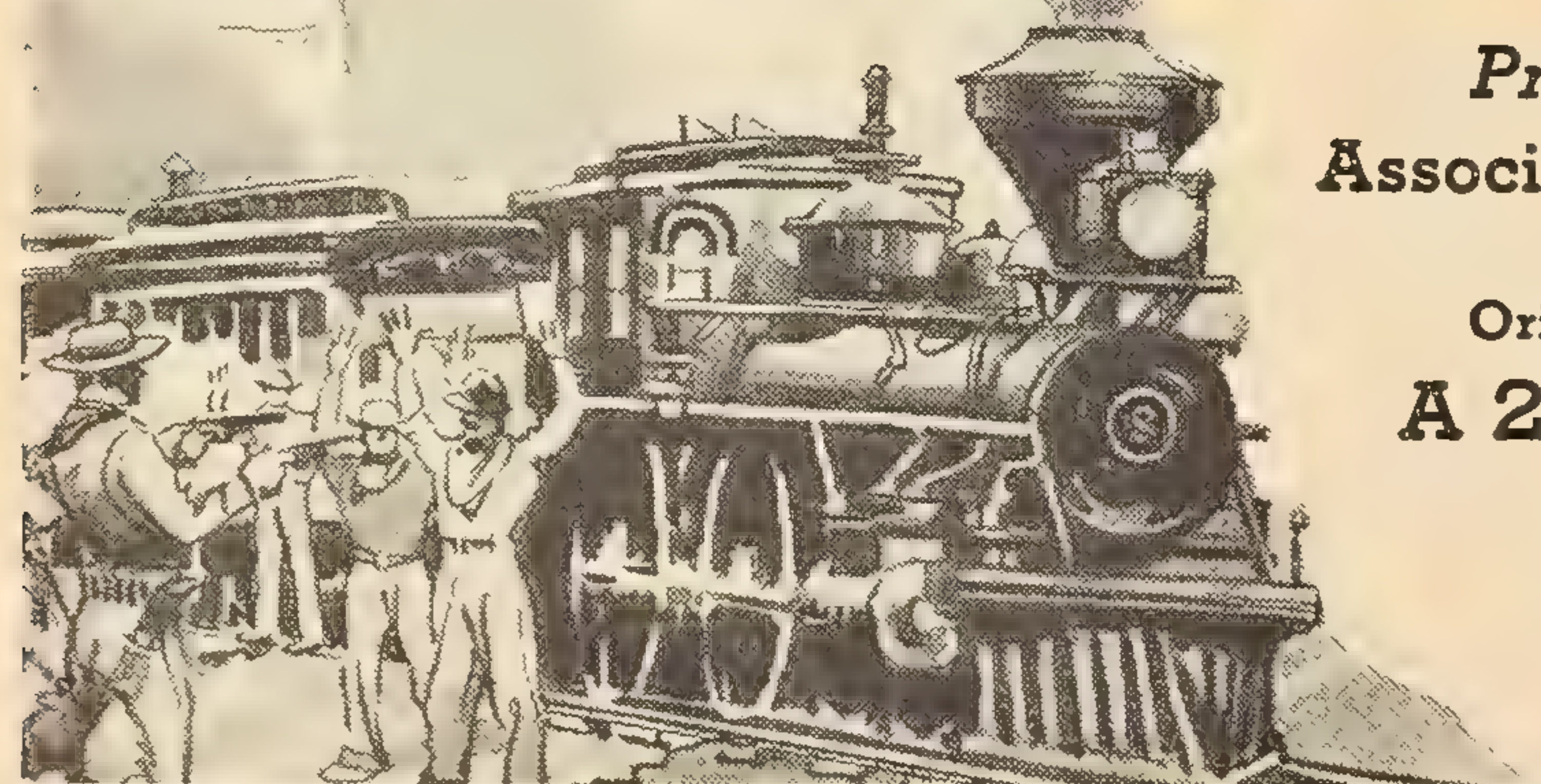
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Left: Man-about-town Edgar Bergen with June Duprez, star of "Thief of Bagdad." Right: Rudy Vallee, imprisoned with Dottie Lamour at his Pirates' Den.



Silver Screen

Topics for Gossip

Ann Sothern, whose movie comeback has been sensational because of her "Maisie" series, gabs with Director Edwin Marin on the "Gold Rush Maisie" set.

Director Sam Wood (right) and Writer Frank Ryan listen as Fred MacMurray rehearses his lines for a scene in "Rangers of Fortune," his latest film.



IT ISN'T true that Barbara Stanwyck doesn't like Bob Taylor's mustache. She has taken all his old pictures out of their frames and put in new ones with the mustachio. She's also insisting that he sit for an oil portrait with the upperlip adornment.

The most censured person in Hollywood these past few weeks has been Charles Boyer, because he attended the very gala and swank premiere of "All This, And Heaven Too" on the night that Paris was forced to surrender.

Tragic and little known fact has now come to light that Nedda Harrigan (Mrs. Walter Connolly) and the late Walter Connolly were to have done their first New York play together, which plans were being made just prior to his death. Strangely enough, the title of the play was "At Evening."

The flashiest dresser in Hollywood right now is Paul Whiteman. He even makes Jack Warner's sports coats look conservative. Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland follow "Mr. P.W." around the "Strike Up the Band" set like a couple of adoring fans, which they are. By the way, Judy has to take off her shoes now when she does scenes with Mickey—she's getting so much taller than he is. To Metro's annoyance, Mickey just won't grow.

Pity the poor Hollywood Glamour Girls. There weren't enough eligible men to go around before, but now with Europe at war it's even worse. All the heiresses and society dames who used to lounge around

**All the very latest Hollywood news
and gossip, candidly presented
for you in print and in pictures**

the Lido and the Riviera picking up titles are now descending upon the movie capital and casting eyes at the actors. All the home talent, who had hopes of landing the very eligible Cary Grant, sort of got discouraged when Barbara Hutton arrived in town and took over Mr. Grant completely.

Ladies were barred from "The Great Profile" set one day recently when John Barrymore had to do a scene in his underwear. The most indignant lady who was barred was Elaine Barrie.

Victor McLaglen has a cook on his ranch in Fresno who's marvelous at anything in cooking except pies. And Victor loves pies. But for the life of him the chef can't bake a pie correctly. Vic thought it was pretty silly, so gave the fellow strict orders. "You bake a pie every day until you bake one right," he said. "As soon as you can sit down and relish a piece of your own pie, I'll have one." Last report was that the cook hadn't yet been able to go a whole piece of his pie. The hogs on Vic's ranch, however, are

enjoying a pastry holiday—seven pies' a week.

Edna May Oliver claims to have found the Fountain of Youth. Her health secret, she tells her friends, is a daily swim in the Pacific Ocean off Santa Monica every morning, rain or shine, summer or winter, working or not working. The veteran actress says she has kept to her daily schedule of a morning ocean dunking for over a year now, and never has felt better in her life. But when she tells her health secret to others, they just shiver.

Nelson Eddy has decided that the best way to keep that midriff in condition is bicycling. His average is three miles a day.

Cute little Ann Rutherford has something new in charm necklaces. The necklace is made of miniature car license numbers of her favorite actors. Among them are Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Stewart and Mickey Rooney.

A highlight of Jimmy Stewart's surprise birthday party for Rosalind Russell on the "No Time For Comedy" set was Sailor Vincent, disguised as a chef, falling into the cake. Charles Ruggles, Jimmy, Allyn Joslyn and Rosalind are helping him up. Right: Ken Murray with two lovelies appearing with him in "A Night at Earl Carroll's."

When Judy Garland celebrated her eighteenth birthday recently she had a dinner party at Ciro's—and the boy who sat next to her for the evening was Robert Stack.

Patricia Morison and Freddie Brisson have been seeing the town together these nights.

To see Anita Louise's slender figure you'd accuse her of having the appetite of a bird. But at a luncheon the other day Anita was seen piling her plate with spaghetti and potatoes au gratin. When one of her friends accused her of not eating breakfast, Anita replied, "Oh, yes, I did. I had two eggs, bacon and a waffle." It just isn't fair.

When the "Merry Macs," those four



(three men and a girl) young people who can do wonders with harmony and rhythm, and who have made such a hit on the Fred Allen program, opened in Hollywood at the Victor Hugo, they were given a right royal introduction by one of their greatest admirers, Bing Crosby. But ole Massa Bing can slip up, just like the rest of us, he introduced them as a "trio"—and there they stood, all four of them.

The most enthusiastic fan of the "Merry Macs" when they made their debut at the Victor Hugo turned out to be long, lean and lanky Jimmy Stewart, who not only

stamped his feet and clapped his hands, but would let out those ear-piercing whistles. Aided and abetted by Margaret Sullivan and the Henry Fondas and the Bing Crosbys and a crowded night club, Jimmy coaxed one encore after another out of the very obliging young kids. They will make their movie debut soon in the Fred Allen-Jack Benny opus.

There were few secrets between Jon Hall and his pretty wife, Frances Langford, during the time that Jon was at Kayenta, Arizona, trading post on the Navajo Indian Reservation, on location for "Kit Carson." The reason is that the longest single telephone line in the United States stretches from Flagstaff, Arizona, 147 miles to Kayenta, and eighteen different subscribers could listen into every conversation carried over the single wire. Each evening during Jon's stay at Kayenta he would call his wife at their Hollywood home. Soon the word passed along the

[Continued on page 72]

Left: Bill Powell's wife, Diana Lewis, has become a blonde and Bill seems quite delighted about it. Below: Mack "Killer" Gray (center) must be quite the story teller, judging by the explosive response from Ida Lupino, her hairdresser and George Raft. Right: Olympe Bradna has the role of a native girl in "South of Pago-Pago."



Claudette's **LIKE THAT**

It takes some one like the writer, who has known her intimately for many years, to tell you about Claudette Colbert, so often thoroughly misunderstood

By
Elizabeth
Wilson



Top: Claudette, being a stickler for sincerity, personally answers all of her fan mail. Above: With Spencer Tracy in "Boom Town," her latest film.



Scene from "Boomtown," with Clark Gable. Claudette Colbert is also in this super-special. Below: Though the right side of her face is just as good, Claudette insists upon the left side of her face being photographed.

AS FRIENDSHIPS go in Hollywood, and they go pretty quickly believe me, Claudette and I have established some kind of a record. Of course, I realize it hasn't been too easy for Claudette, me with a nasty temper, but neither has it been too easy for me. There have been times when I found the Colbert girl rather trying, to say the least.

There was the time several years ago when she became completely fascinated (*Claudette never does anything half-hearted*) by "The Game" and every Sunday evening found me, the self-conscious type, perspiring profusely as I tried to act out "What is so rare as a day in June" on the rug in the Colbert living room, much to the amusement of her guests, and to the delight of her dogs. And there was the time when she went on a grammar jag and would ruin all my stories and kill the point of any joke I might be telling by correcting, in regular schoolma'am fashion, my tenses and my dangling participles. A stickler for perfect English, herself, and perfect French, too, she certainly did her best with me until she discovered that the subjunctive mood was casting a definite chill over our friendship.

No, it hasn't been easy, this being a friend of Colbert's, but I wouldn't turn her in for any twenty movie stars in Hollywood. It isn't every day in the week, mercy, it isn't every year in a century, that you find a friend like Colbert. Loyal almost to a fault, understanding and [Continued on page 76]



"A MAN DOESN'T TALK ABOUT THAT SORT OF THING"

**BY
GLADYS
HALL**

That's what Brian Aherne said when asked about his marriage to Joan Fontaine and if all the things he'd imagined of her had come true—but he did talk and you'll love him for it!



AND didn't Brian Aherne fix me with a glassy eye when, over the luncheon table at Lucey's, I told him I wanted to do a romantic story with him, all about the reasons why he fell in love with Joan Fontaine and whether, now that he's been married a year, all the things he'd imagined of her had come true. . . .

Did he fix me with a glassy eye? Didn't he, just!

"You once told me," I persisted, "about a month before you married Joan, it must have been, that you would never, never marry an actress; you would not, you said, wed a make-up box; you would not, you vowed, come home to a wife completely surrounded by manicurists and masseuses, to a wife parked under a dryer, a script in her hand. You were so positive about it, so, ah, so militant, indeed, that I believed you. And wrote some ten pages, very pithy, too, about how Brian Aherne would never marry an actress and, in detail, *why*. And then, ere the printer's ink was dry on the pages, you up and married Joan . . . WHY?"

Mr. Aherne favored me with a bleak smile. "I meant it, then," he said. "Still, the French thought the Maginot Line impregnable. It was a question of days. It took about three days to get through the Aherne Line, rather less, really, rather less. . . ."

"Well," I said, "but what were the, uh, tactics? The maneuvers?"

Mr. Aherne made a gesture with his articulate hands . . . the hands of the glamorous Garrick, the hands of the poet Browning . . . he then delivered himself of a little homily. Men, he pointed out to me, can't talk about "that sort of thing." It is all very well, he said, tolerantly, for women to discuss their romances, their feelings and reactions, why they fall in love, why they remain in love. The gossamer girdle of Venus becomes the ladies, said Mr. Aherne, but men don't, you know, he said, men just simply *don't*. . . . Men, he continued, accept things more unquestioningly than women do. Love, Birth, War, Death, the major catastrophes, the major miracles, men accept them and ask no questions since there are, don't you know, no answers.

Left: As Brian Aherne appears in "It Happened In Paris," his latest offering. **Below:** Director Charles Vidor explaining a court room scene to Rita Hayworth and Brian Aherne as the cast and technicians listen in during the making of "It Happened In Paris." **Right:** Joan Fontaine with her husband, Brian Aherne. Of her he says, "We live at the same pace, Joan and I. I, too, like the little formalities, like to dress for dinner, and do, we both do, always, even when we dine alone."

It looked pretty grim, you can see that, can't you? . . . it didn't look like I had a chance . . . but I counted on two things to help me get my story, namely: Mr. Aherne is a gentleman, as ever was. I mean, *really* a gentleman, of the Old School, courtly and all that, the kind you read about in the better English novels and feel snappish with your husband after reading . . . meanly! I figured I would trade on that. For Mr. Aherne would never fail in a gentleman's duty which is to please the ladies, God bless 'em, at all costs. If I could play the plaintive plaintiff prettily enough, I calc'lated, I'd get my story!

Secondly, Brian is in love with Joan, so in love with her that, whether men talk about "that sort of thing" or not, lovers have sung their ladies' praises since the world began, haven't they? A prod here and a probe there, I thought, and the fluent lover will dominate the inarticulate male.

But how do I know he is in love? [Continued on page 78]



THE PROBLEM OF SHARING A HUSBAND!

Although now a star, Linda Darnell, totally unaffected, still remains an enthusiastic movie fan who thrills at meeting people like Alice Faye and Don Ameche.

Linda Darnell, whose latest film is "Brigham Young," gives her own modern views about the old Mormon custom of practicing polygamy

"**M**E SHARE a husband?—well I should say not!" Linda Darnell's brown eyes were roguish. "I'd never have been one of Brigham Young's wives—never. Imagine a girl marrying a man and then having to spend an entire life time winning him away from the other wives!"

"But," she suddenly amended, "on second thought, if I'd had to, I'd have made sure that I was the favorite wife!"

Linda and I had long enthused on going to Utah for the location of her new picture "Brigham Young." And here, at last, we were walking down the main street of Cedar City, Utah. All about us were pioneer homes of the Mormons who first settled Utah. Many of them had sheltered plural wives who'd had to share their husbands in polygamy as practiced by their religion in 1847.

"Just how would you have managed being the favorite wife of Brigham Young?" I asked as we continued our discussion. "For he was known to have had twenty-seven wives." However, it would have been inevitable that a girl with the fresh beauty and winsome personality of a Linda Darnell would, without doubt, have been Wife No. 1.

"Well," Linda replied frankly, "in the

first place, whether it would have been then or now, I'd just have to be so in love that I'd think he was the most wonderful man in the world. And, naturally, before I'd marry him at all, I'd expect him to think I was the most wonderful girl.

"Then, if because of a religious belief or a shortage of eligible men, like in Brigham Young's time, I had to share my husband with other wives, why I'd make a complete study of the others. I'd try to discover what qualities he saw in them that he couldn't find in me. Then I'd develop those qualities until I could give him in myself alone what he had previously found only in several women.

"For example, if one wife was vivacious and gay, I'd be that way. And if he found sympathy and deep understanding in another one, I'd cultivate that, too. If a third made him comfortable with good food and had his bedroom slippers and favorite reading material placed in readiness by his favorite fireside chair, well I'd see to that. In fact, I'd be an angel, a bit of a flirt, a home-maker and a charmer so that he would find me the most fascinating wife to be with.

"Perhaps, my philosophy sounds a bit premature. After all, I'm still in high school and too young to really consider marriage for myself," Linda continued as we walked along. "I have to spend four hours every day with my school teacher even here on location. Isn't that something? And me playing grown-up roles and everything on the screen and yet having to devote my spare time to high school lessons.

"But just the same I have my own ideas on the subject. So do most of the boys and girls I go with—Ann Rutherford, Jackie Cooper, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney and the rest of our crowd. None of us will marry until we get in our mid-twenties. But every one of us wants to fall terribly in love and get married some day. No spinsterhood for me!

"You know," said Linda, "even today there are lots of women who share their

husbands. Look at the business men who have attractive secretaries—office wives—they call them. And look at the actors, whose wives have to share their husbands with thousands of girl fans. I know, because I was a fan myself. I used to write Clark Gable and Tyrone Power for their pictures. If I'd seen them anywhere I'd probably rushed right up to get a chance to actually talk to them and get an autograph. I sometimes actually feel sorry for actors' wives—they have to be so patient and understanding, when all of the women dash after their husbands."

It was hot summer time and we stopped at a corner drug [Continued on page 80]



Left: Linda is technically still in high school, and is taught several hours a day by a special teacher. Right: A scene from "Brigham Young," in which Tyrone Power, as a Mormon scout, plays Linda's sweetheart.



It was Linda's excellent work in "Star Dust" with John Payne which prompted Darryl Zanuck to reward her with her role in "Brigham Young."



BY
MARY JANE MANNERS

IDA
LUPINO

In a role which outshines her brilliant performing in "The Light That Failed," Ida Lupino is now to be seen in "They Drive By Night," with Ann Sheridan and George Raft. She is decidedly worthy and capable of stardom.



VIRGINIA GREY

Virginia's latest is "The Captain Is A Lady," in which she plays one of her most important roles. Virginia is one of the few girls in pictures who really hails from Hollywood. She was born and educated in the film center.



JUNE DUPREZ

June is one of the most beautiful of all English actresses. She recently completed "The Thief of Bagdad," in which she is co-starred with John Justin. The picture, started abroad, was completed in Hollywood because of the war.



JOHN HOWARD

John had made up his mind to become a professor of English at Western Reserve, so when a Paramount talent scout offered him a contract he turned it down. Financial circumstances, however, later made him reconsider.



ROBERT CUMMINGS

Before coming to Hollywood Bob was on the Broadway stage where he had producers fooled into believing he was an Englishman. He's from Joplin, Missouri. He's just about the best pilot in Hollywood and has an instructor's license.



GINGER ROGERS
and
RONALD COLMAN

A girlhood dream of Ginger Rogers comes true in having Ronald Colman, whom she's always idolized, as her leading man in "Lucky Partners," a gay and romantic comedy of joint owners of a sweepstakes ticket.

HOLLYWOOD'S

Adonis Jon Hall, an over-night sensation two years ago in "Hurricane," was soon ignored by all but his wife, Frances Langford, whose love kept his spirit alive and made possible his astonishing comeback.



After Jon Hall's appearance in "Hurricane" it was obvious he needed more experience as an actor, but stripped down to a semi-naked torso, there was no disputing the fact he was several hundred biceps ahead of Charles Boyer, Robert Taylor and Clark Gable. Sam Goldwyn enthused, "He will sweep the country!" And he did for a while, but it was all too short.

HOLLYWOOD, in the very nature of things, can offer any and every bizarre story, but the story of Jon Hall, I think, is the most amazing chapter of a most amazing town.

On the night of Nov. 11, 1937, batteries of searchlights played across the Hollywood skies over the Carhay Circle Theatre, and thousands of movie fans sat on stands outside the theatre to watch the elite of Hollywood stream up in an apparently endless line of gleaming limousines for a Sam Goldwyn world premiere. This was to be the introduction of the new Goldwyn star, Jon Hall, to Hollywood and no youngster ever got such a razzle-dazzling introduction as this one. "He will sweep the country," said Goldwyn, modestly.

Inside the theatre that night, to the accompaniment of "oh's" and "ah's," the new Goldwyn discovery, Jon Hall, made a very satisfactory debut. Obviously, he needed more experience as an actor, but when he stripped down to his swimming trunks, he needed no apology. As between the semi-naked torso of Hall and the torsos of Charles Boyer, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, there was no disputing the fact that Jon Hall was several hundred biceps ahead of them all. "He will sweep not only the country, but Europe," beamed Sam Goldwyn. Goldwyn's elation was natural. He had Hall under a 7-year contract at \$150 a week.



That night must have been the most thrilling that Jon Hall ever experienced. Overnight he had been lifted from bit roles to stardom opposite Dorothy Lamour. Overnight, his name had been wired to the far corners of the earth. He was a full-fledged Hollywood sensation. Goldwyn must have beamed even more expansively when Hall, within the next week, was invited to one of Countess Dorothy Di Frasso's parties, as HER escort. Countess Di Frasso, woman of the world, years earlier had displayed equivalent interest in comparatively unknown Gary Cooper, so when she placed the stamp of immediate approval on young Hall, and when he was taken up by the Dolores Del Rio set, it was Hollywood's way of acknowledging that the kid actually had arrived.

Now there is this to be said for Hollywood—no town in

MOST AMAZING LOVE STORY

By Ed Sullivan

world can flock so quickly and unerringly to the dress-room of a winner. In the weeks and months that ensued, Hall got the full treatment. He was interviewed by all of the 360 movie correspondents who are based in Hollywood. His picture appeared in endorsements of every article under the sun. He appeared as a guest star on 100 radio programs. When he walked into a restaurant, headwaiters knocked themselves out bowing and scraping to get him to a prominent table. Stars, who had never heard of him, came over to shake his hand and extend congratulations. It was the hottest thing in town.

You saw him everywhere, at prizefights, at night clubs, at the smartest parties: "That's Jon Hall," they'd whisper, and people would smile at him, and the girls would size up his chest and his arms and look pityingly at their own pathetic millionaire escorts.

In the background, Sam Goldwyn radiated his full happiness. The receipts of "Hur- [Continued on page 87]



Above: Jon with his wife, Frances Langford, of whom he says, "If it hadn't been for Frances, I would have hopped a freighter and gone to the South Seas and stayed there. She is the most wonderful wife a guy ever had, and if it hadn't been for her, I very likely would have gone batty." **Upper right:** With Olympe Bradna in a scene from "South of Pago-Pago," in which both do the Bird Dance at a native feast. **Right:** Jon as the native Prince Kehane presents Frances Farmer, as Ruby, with a pearl bracelet, as a token of deep friendship. Jon is following this picture immediately with "Kit Carson."



THE TRUTH ABOUT

After watching the sparkling performance of Muriel Angelus as the wife in "The Great McGinty," you're undoubtedly anxious to learn about her private life

Muriel is sitting pretty so far as Hollywood is concerned with very bright prospects for stardom. She started her career as a ballet dancer.

only typical of the stories floating around about Muriel Angelus and other movie people. It's about time someone took the bull by the horns and tossed it out of the window.

To begin with—the financial troubles were very much on the level. There was a tall, thin gentleman and his name was James Whale—he's a Hollywood director at the present time. But Miss Angelus *did not* spill her ballet shoes at his feet. Instead, she went to see him about a job as would any aspirant for a dancing part in the "Midnight Follies" he was producing for Sir Nigel Playfair. Her demonstrated ability won the job for her, not the bouncing ballet boots.

"The only unconventional thing about it all," said Miss Angelus in the too-too sedate restaurant of New York's Hotel Plaza, "was that Mr. Whale was wearing football shorts. But then he could have been dressed as Mephistopheles for all I cared."

down again, Muriel was probing in the depths of this monster purse for a handkerchief to you-know-what. Walking blindly along she careened into a tall, slim man, who was hustling in the opposite direction. She dropped her bag and out onto the sidewalk rolled the dancing shoes.

And what do you think happened? Of course, the tall chap picked up her belongings, took her by the arm and led her back into the theatre—and a well-paid job starting on Monday.

Shades of Cinderella! *Incredible*, you say? You're right—it's absolutely untrue,

WHEN she was a girl of fourteen, financial troubles swooped down from the London skies on Muriel Angelus and her family.

"Ah," said Muriel to herself, "I will save my family—with my indubitable dancing ability I will rescue them!" And muttering *fie* and *foe* and perhaps even *fum* under her breath she trudged the streets of London, stopping at every producer's office—to no avail. Optimistically, she carried skimpy practice garb and ballet slippers in an over-sized handbag.

Leaving a theatre, after being turned

Left: Muriel with Lynne Overman in a scene from "Safari." Below: With Brian Donlevy, who has the title role in "The Great McGinty." She has a bright sense of humor. In writing to friends she signs herself *Anne G. Louse*.

Her friends are non-professionals. She hates to talk shop.

"MRS. MCGINTY"

By
William
Lynch
Vallee

Football shorts! With truth so colorful, why the implausible whimsy?

Miss Angelus has gone far in the theatre and Hollywood since that interview. Her most recent cinematic workouts are impressive, by virtue of parts like that of *Maisie*, the unemotional blonde of the Kipling novel, "The Light That Failed," opposite Ronald Colman. She did very nicely in "Safari" and in "The Way Of All Flesh." She stood out in "The Great McGinty," in which she played the wife of McGinty (*Brian Donlevy*). The critics justly think a great deal of this young twenty-five year old.

Her background is paradoxical in that while by birth-right she shouldn't be within miles of a stage, by her own efforts she has every right to her present job.

The background is scientific through and through. Father an analytical chemist. Sir James Simpson, on her maternal side, the discoverer of chloroform. Another a mechanical genius associated [Continued on page 88]



THE MAN WHO PLAYS ROCKNE

Celtic Pat O'Brien, cast as the great Nordic football coach, gives by far his most convincing performance and here's why

By James Reid

THE female newspaper reporter, having found out everything else she wanted to know about him, asked the inevitable last question: What was he going to do next? He had been waiting for that question. Trying to sound matter-of-fact, he told her—"The Life of Knute Rockne"—and waited for a big reaction. She floored him. She asked innocently, "Who was Knute Rockne?"

Pat O'Brien, relating the incident, removes his cigar from his mouth and gapes blankly, pantomiming the extent of his consternation. "I thought everybody knew who Rockne was," he says helplessly.

Let's give her the benefit of the doubt. Let's assume she just had a poor memory for names—and couldn't remember people unless she knew them. The world is full of such unfortunates.

Pat only hopes they will know Rockne, inside and out, after they see the picture. He has tried to be Rockne, inside and out.

That was no mean feat, especially the outside part. Pat is Celtic. The map of Ireland is impressed indelibly on his face. Rockne was Nordic, with the map of Norway on his. Yet Pat, in his make-up, looks more like Rockne than Rockne did, through all the changes from the age of 26 to the age of 44. It's not only startling. It's uncanny.

Mrs. Bonnie Rockne, widow of the famous coach, was constantly amazed at the completeness of the resemblance. One of the first scenes she saw Pat do was a love scene, with Gale Page playing Bonnie. After the scene, Mrs. Rockne told Pat, "I could close my eyes and believe Dad was making love to me again." His voice was even the same.

The company went to South Bend on location, to do shots on the Notre Dame campus. The university gave a banquet in their honor. Six hundred people at-



tended, people who had worked alongside Rockne, people who had known him well. At the banquet, Pat was asked to do a scene from the picture. Without make-up, he did a locker room scene. When he sat down, there was hardly a dry eye in the place. Rockne's sister expressed what everybody felt when she said, "You made him come alive again. He was like that. Exactly like that." Even without looking remotely like Rockne, he was able to create that effect. What must the effect be, with make-up?

Up to now, people have thought of Pat as a good actor, who played one hard-boiled gent after another, all believable, but all out of the same kettle. Now, suddenly, people may have to think of him as a great actor whose possibilities are unlimited.

All because he got the chance to play Rockne.

Before that happened, a lot of other things had to happen, according to Pat.

"In the first place," he says, in that rapid-fire way of his, "before Warners could make the picture, they had to get Bonnie Rockne's permission. That wasn't easy. Some other studios had been there ahead of them. Warners had to convince her that *they* wanted to do a biography of the man—not just a football picture,

Pat O'Brien never ached more to play a role than that of Rockne. Oddly enough, Warners first tried to get his pal, Spencer Tracy, for the role, but Pat never batted an eye. He couldn't speak up for himself without knifing his best friend. But Fate was with Pat and he eventually got the coveted role.

with his name tacked on it for box-office come-on. And even then she wouldn't let them do it, unless Notre Dame was willing. Notre Dame had to be won over, too.

"Rockne had been dead only a very few years. People who had been close to him, people who couldn't be left out of any authentic biography of the man, were still alive. Warners didn't dare start the picture until they had the permission of all those people to use incidents concerning them. One refusal, one threatened lawsuit, might have stopped the picture.

"I knew the picture was coming up. And there never was a role I ached to play the way I ached to play Rockne. But I didn't have the nerve to go after it—me, the guy who has been playing nervy go-getters for years. I didn't think I stood a chance.

"When, out of the blue, they told me that I had the part, they didn't tell me that Notre Dame had to okay me before the role was really mine. I didn't find

that out till just the other day. And that Notre Dame had judged me by my performance as Father Duffy in 'The Fighting 69th.' It's lucky they *didn't* tell me. I would have lost so much sleep. I wouldn't have been in any condition to play the part.

"And don't think I didn't have to be in condition. The opening scenes show Rockne attending college, himself. That didn't mean I had to look like a kid, but I did have to look like a peppery 26. There's a scene where he says to some of the other boys, 'You think I'm a lot older than you are, don't you?' They don't answer. He says, 'Well, I *am* older. I'm 26. I had to work six years to get enough money to go to college.'

"At the beginning of the picture, too, I was supposed to play football. I was in no condition to do that. Not with the excess weight I was carrying around. They gave me a month to lose some of it—including that extra chin. I went to work with Mushy Callahan, the trainer. He made me box, skip rope, run, ride a bicycle, play handball. In thirty days, I lost twenty pounds. Which shows you what exercise-and-no-desserts can do.

"After going to all that trouble, do I

burn when anybody asks who doubled for me in the football scenes!

"An over-zealous press agent gave out a story that I made an unscheduled 99-yard run through the entire opposing team. I immediately denied it, but the damage had been done. That yarn was so preposterous, people decided they couldn't believe any stories about what I had done in the football scenes. They jumped to the supposition that my part in them had probably been faked. I'm here to testify that they weren't faked. I myself, in person, did those scenes.

"We show the highlights of the first Army-Notre Dame game, in 1913. That was the game in which Rockne and Gus Dorais, now coach of Detroit University, played by Owen Davis, Jr., turned loose the first big aerial attack. The summer before, they had been lifeguards together at Cedar Point on Lake Erie, and they had put in their spare time, tossing and catching passes. They had become football sharpshooters. In that game, they forward-passed the heavier Army team right off its feet, changed the whole conception of football.

"I had a pretty good idea of what I was supposed to do. When I was a kid,

I saw Rockne play twice and never forgot the experience. And I used to play football myself, remember. I was nuts about the game; I'm still nuts about it. It broke my heart when my own playing days ended. I played in high school, and I played at the Great Lakes Training Station, and I played at Marquette. My position was quarter-back, and Rockne was an end, but I knew his assignments.

"We took two weeks for those scenes. We rehearsed the plays over and over, before we ever shot them, to get the timing perfect. The principal things I had to do, myself, were pass, snare passes and run. There were a few technical difficulties. We were authentic, even to the point of using a 1913 type of football—which was about as big as a basketball. And we wore 1913-style uniforms, which were about as stiff and heavy as armor-plate.

"I had to make three runs, the longest about 65 yards. I surprised myself, not falling in a heap at the end of it. I wasn't even puffing. [Continued on page 91]

Left: Pat with Gale Page, who plays the part of Mrs. Rockne in the picture. Right: Pat as the famous Rockne. His make-up is one of the trickiest yet achieved by the genius, Perc Westmore. Below: A scene from "The Life of Knute Rockne," showing Nick Lukats, Pat O'Brien and a group of players. The film is not just another football thriller, but an epic of one of the greatest moulders of American youth.



NO WORK AND

For five years that's the way it used to be for Baritone Allan Jones because he was under contract to a studio that already had Baritone Nelson Eddy—but you'd be surprised how Allan felt about it

By Leslie Leiber

Left and below: Allan Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey, both of whom appear in "The Boys From Syracuse." Allan is set to follow this with another musical at Universal called, "Riviera," with music by Jerome Kern. But Allan, through no fault of his own, wasn't always as active.



ALL PAY

HOW does an ambitious Hollywood star feel toward a picture company that pays him \$100,000 per annum for five years just to remain idle? I had heard disquieting reports about the behavior of such cinema "unfortunates." They are said to collapse from nervous breakdowns as a result of high-strung aspirations and ham-strung egos. Their morale, so the stories go, suffer pitifully from this ignoble business of accepting a fortune for a pittance-worth of work.

I visited Allan Jones on the set of "The Boys From Syracuse" at Universal to clear up the question for myself. Here was a fine looking and ambitious young fellow with a heavenly voice whom M-G-M had kept in an icebox for five years. True, they had let him come out once in a while as a sort of auxiliary Marx Brother. But I knew that Allan Jones had definite operatic ambitions which were not likely to be satisfied by "A Night at the Opera." He must have chafed, I thought, under his all pay and no work regime at M-G-M. And there were rumors, too, that Nelson Eddy, his rival at the studio who was getting all the plums, was also Allan Jones' worst enemy.

So, it seemed a perfect set-up as I stood outside his dressing-room waiting to see Universal's latest acquisition and hear him let off spleen against his old bosses at M-G-M in particular and against the Hollywood custom of high picture incomes for low picture output, in general.

I could hardly believe the fragments of conversation that came out of the dressing room.

"Allan," a voice was saying, "you know we've got a new part for a singing ice man in the new edition of 'Hellzapoppin.' If you want it, the job's yours . . . at fifty bucks a week."

"But, Abe," responded a melodious voice I knew must be Allan Jones', "I told you I wouldn't consider the offer under sixty a week. And sixty-five, if you insist that I furnish my own ice."

Boy, was this a scoop: Allan Jones . . . so disgusted with movies, so full of anguish at his long interment at M-G-M, that he had decided to give up a mint of money and a film-future for a \$60-a-week job as a singing ice man for "Hellzapoppin." A minute later I met Allan Jones and his bosom friend, Abe Cohn, manager of "Hellzapoppin" and realized on sight that what had been said in dead-pan seriousness was all a joke and that the young man who had come out of the M-G-M icebox was in no mood for more ice in a Broadway show.

Allan was sitting backwards astride a chair, with his chin

resting pensively where the back of his head should have been. Three colorful Grecian outfits which he wears in "The Boys From Syracuse," hung neatly on hooks against the wall, presumably to provide decoration, since Allan Jones received in blue shirt and suspenders. Lying within easy reach was a can of unsweetened and unopened pineapple juice, various brands of throat soothers with names like "Vocalzone Pastilles," and three brands of shaving cream which Allan confided he planned to use any minute.

"I could have grown ten beards waiting at M-G-M for the kind of a role I have in 'The Boys From Syracuse,'" said Allan Jones, talking just the way I thought he would. "But," he added, overthrowing my short triumph, "you can tell anyone who's interested that this stuff about going crazy from inactivity and hating big bosses for lining your pockets with unearned gold is so much sour grapes."

"When I signed up with Metro, I, of course, expected to get the sort of parts and the kind of pictures I wanted. But, Nelson Eddy got there ahead of me and the old adage about first come first served still works. You want to know how it feels, for five years, to be 'saved for the Junior prom?' Well, I look back on it as one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to me: You know—I've won three scholarships in my life. Two of them were to New York University. The other one was to M-G-M Studios. Why, they simply gave me two thousand dollars a week to con- [Continued on page 94]

Right: That's Rosemary Lane in the arms of Allan Jones. In "The Boys From Syracuse" he happens to be lucky enough to play a dual role, that of twins, one of whom is married to Irene Hervey and the other with whom Rosemary is deeply in love. Lower left: As the other twin, Allan is seen with his wife, Irene Hervey. Allan's work at Universal is quite the opposite of his inactivity while on the payroll at M-G-M for five lengthy years.



Allan and Martha Raye, who's Irene's slave, do a bit of clowning while waiting for the cameras to start turning. Martha, by the way, does a burlesque ballet in the film.

THE PRIVATE LIVES

HAVE you ever wondered what a movie star's relatives are really like?

Stars have been publicized to the skies, but there has always been somewhat of a mystery about the family behind the front.

I asked Don Ameche to talk frankly.

He doesn't talk about his leading ladies. Even though he is America's number one dramatic star on the radio, he isn't given to explaining how to lead a double-barreled career.

Actually, he was reluctant when I told him what I had in mind. An honest, unpretentious story of the way he and Mrs. Ameche had reacted to their parents and to their brothers and sisters, I told him, would give a lot of people an entirely new opinion of Hollywood. Many a sob tale has been tossed off about a movie star's mother. Few, indeed, are the celebrities on the coast who have had fathers since fame. On the whole, the theory prevails that the less said the better about an actor's or actress's relations.

Six feet tall, unspectacular but fun-loving, Don finally said, "If you promise not to make it sound like Hollywood hooley, I'd be glad to admit how Honey and I figure things out. We aren't dipped in glamour, Honey and I. We haven't time for it. So, if you want to know us, you're in for a rather different kind of expose!"

On the surface the Ameches have a luxurious set-up. Don recently bought the Al Jolson country place, a beautiful, fourteen-room farm house centering five acres of garden and orchard. There is even a fine swimming pool in this rural hideaway which, incidentally, is twenty minutes drive from the hectic studios.

Yet, from the moment Don met me at the door and we went into the comfortable sunroom stretching across the back of the house, Don was at ease. Mrs. Ameche came in and out a couple of times. Their conversation clinched what he said to me. It wasn't sophisticated, Noel Coward dialogue, but the unaffected, conferring of two genuine human beings.

"If you get me going about our families," Don explained, "it's going to be just another version of 'Our Town.' Of course, I don't think we're freaks in any way. None of us has ever gone to New York and bowled over the big city. Before I got married, I guess I was the bad boy of my family. We have had our flush and our fast, finagling days, and we've survived. Each of us has his own little dream, and we always lend a helping hand when we can. But we don't interfere with one another too much."

What Don, the eldest of the Ameches, has done for his own and his wife's folks and how they trust him fascinated me.

"Honey and I needed this bigger place. As it is, there's hardly room to bring in anyone else when our families get together. You see, I have three brothers

and four sisters and she has two brothers and two sisters. None of them live here with us, but we are always visiting back and forth.

"My father came over from Italy when he was twenty-two. My mother, who is Pennsylvania Dutch and Scotch-Irish, married him when she was just fifteen. There are eight of us kids and half are very fair and blue-eyed like mother.

"My parents were able to give their three oldest about everything a pre-depression, middle-class American family averaged. Dad went broke and I couldn't help out until I got into pictures. Our family is great on marriage; we marry young and start raising children! None of us has ever thought of divorce. We have our little scraps, but once we walk up to the altar it is for keeps.

"You don't need a lot of money, either. When Honey and I married I only had \$200.00 saved and we splurged most of it on a fur coat for her. We had our share of struggling. Honey gave up her good job as a dietitian to take a chance on me. I use to telephone her at the most ungodly hours! I was working like the devil on four radio shows a week when we took the plunge in Chicago. I could only get off two days for a honeymoon. We had to scrimp when Donnie was born. You bet I changed many a diaper when Honey wasn't up to it. Sure, I believe a young husband should pitch in and do everything he can around the house if his wife is temporarily ill. Honey and I have no new fangled rules for holding each other.

"We had two sons when I decided to tackle Hollywood. Honey insisted upon moving out to a cheap summer cottage to save enough for me to come out here and try my luck. My first test, at Metro, was a failure. She didn't reproach me. Eight months later two 20th Century-Fox producers accidentally saw it and phoned me to come on out. Within a month Honey, who'd been sick, came out with the babies. If you don't think she's a brick, you're crazy! She was en route to the dentist to see about four impacted wisdom teeth when I sent her the tickets to leave that night. She had to shop, pack, make feedings for the three-months-old baby who had intestinal flu, and what a trip west she had! Donnie kept crying, 'Put on my new coat so Daddy'll think I am wonderful!' the baby kept yelling and falling out of the basket. I'd rented a house, but there were no stores and no laundry near and I had to work until 11:30 the night she arrived. It rained steadily for the next three days. Honey struggled with my Ford jalopy, which started like a Mack truck. Ann, our hired girl, who'd been down with scarlet fever, got out here in a month. By that time, Honey was exhausted so I sent them all to Arizona to cheer up under the desert sun. It snowed there for the first time in fifteen years.

"Honey says Hollywood is just like

Dubuque. The women know where the other girls get their clothes and have a fairly accurate idea what they paid." Mrs. Ameche passed through the room to inform him that Grandpa (*Don's father*) would be out of the hospital in another day or two. Don brought his parents West and began buying a ranch home for them two months after he signed his contract with Zanuck. He grinned at Mrs. Ameche, who has lovely blue eyes, unbleached long blonde hair. She doesn't try to make up with mascara and eye shadow. She relies on unreserved sincerity and an active sense of humor. Plus quick adaptation to whatever mood Don is in.

"She's It around here from all angles," Don declared, smiling. "She had to inveigle my father when he tried to get out of going to the hospital. Honey had

[Continued on page 93]



OF THE DON AMECHES

No two people ever have been more devoted to their families than Don and his wife, whose example should be followed by many erring Hollywoodites

By Ben Maddox

Right: Don Ameche and his wife, who never have in-law trouble. Below: Don and his family, photographed in Kenosha, Wisconsin, in 1917. Left to right, standing: Don Ameche, Betty Ameche and Louis Ameche. Sitting, left to right: James Ameche, Dominic F. Ameche, the father, Bert Ameche and Mrs. Ameche, the mother. Don has provided unsparingly for all of his family.



WOULD YOU HAVE LOST YOUR

NEXT to something usually described as charm the thing an actor has to have the most of, they tell me, is poise. Ease, self-assurance, grace. The show must go on and you've got to be gracious and dignified and all that stuff even if there is a tack in your shoe or you feel an attack of hay fever coming on.

So, they all study energetically, under fabulously expensive coaches, how to pass a teacup, enunciate, bow from the hips, dance a minuet, wield a mean rapier and back out of a room without falling down. You'd think they'd be prepared for anything. And so what?

So, the elegant Basil Rathbone, wearing a lavish medieval costume, all-black silk tights, velvet tunic, silver buckles and things, was entertaining a gushing lady in his studio bungalow. Talking sixteen to the dozen and dipping at the same time into the elaborate hamper in which he brings his lunch to the studio, he absently extracted an egg and tapped it on the edge of the table. Only there'd been a mistake somewhere and the egg wasn't hard boiled and it splattered all over the tights and the velvet tunic and the silver buckles and the tablecloth and all of a sudden the dashing creature was just a man who had splattered raw egg all over himself and was just as mad about it as any other gent would be, who maybe hadn't spent a considerable portion of his life perfecting a suavity and a polish which are worth lots and lots of shiny dollars at the box office.

Just one little egg!

And take Jeanette MacDonald, who not only looks and

By

Helen Louise Walker

dresses as a beautiful prima donna should, but who has all the arch sparkle and airy charm which seem to go with a fragile public favorite. Maybe you can't imagine Jeanette being at a loss for poise. . . .

At a recent radio broadcast over a national hookup the capacity studio audience was unusually distinguished. The performance was over and people were crowding onto the stage to meet the lovely creature who had been trilling over the ether and Jeanette was saying, "Oh, but you must wait a few minutes and meet my husband! He'll be here any mo—" when suddenly there was a crash at the stage door and squeals from various people as a large object resembling a hay stack hurled itself across the boards followed by Mr. Gene Raymond in person, whizzing along at top speed on the seat of his trousers.

Another moment and Jeanette was entangled in the hay stack, a leather leash and her husband, who is still puzzled when he tries to think what the devil made him think of taking Jeanette's English sheep dog to the studio. When the animal glimpsed its mistress, it entangled Gene in the leash, threw him neatly and darted forward as if it imagined that it was a husky and he a sled.

It was quite an entrance and neither Jeanette nor Gene could remember anything that any of their coaches had ever

Extreme left: Ann Sheridan wore a tight-fitting evening gown to a premiere and it split! Left: Basil Rathbone lost his well-known poise when he splattered an egg on his black silk tights. Below: Errol Flynn invited guests to a lobster dinner, but his cook refused to cook them. Below left: The Gables look happy, but Clark wasn't very happy the day he publicly lost his pants.



POISE, TOO?

Here are some excellent examples of embarrassing situations encountered by Hollywood favorites who were unable to maintain their customary dignity



Top: Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond with their "Stormy Weather" that caused considerable embarrassment. *Left:* Dolores Del Rio got kittens in her cooking. *Above left:* Jeffrey Lynn gave a girl a cornflower thinking it was an orchid corsage. *Above right:* Olivia de Havilland found out how very important make-up is to a girl and how she's lost without it.

taught that would have spared them the embarrassment.

Ah, yes. Poise is what it takes and you must always meet your public with dignity and try to look your best!

But what's the use of putting on make-up and fixing your hair when it's only a couple of putt-putts to the studio and you're already late and you'll have it to do over when you get there? So, Olivia de Havilland, wearing her oldest slacks and her completely unadorned face, drove absent-mindedly through a wooden barrier into the middle of a road construction gang.

Amid the usual din of, "Hey! Where-da-ya-think you're goin'?" Olivia fluttered, "Oh, I'm so sorry! If I've done any damage I'll pay for it. My name's Olivia de Havilland. . . ."

To which the burly foreman replied with a low bow, "Sure! Sure, lady! And I'm Ben Bernie and I wantcha to meet all de lads!"

Olivia proceeded to the studio where she had to take two aspirins before she could go into the scene which concerned a well bred young woman, who was *never* at a loss for words under the most trying circumstances. Only this time the words were written out for her and, besides, she had her eyelashes on.

After Ann Sheridan was dubbed the "Oomph girl," they put her through a terrific course of intensive training. After all, if you're going around attached to a tag like that you're going to need some self-confidence. But, perhaps, too many people tinkered with her before launching her at her early appearances at Hollywood functions. Or maybe she was just

unlucky. . . . Never did a girl have a worse succession of incidents than Ann.

Anyhow, she looked so-o-o beautiful when they got her ready for her first big premiere. The frock was a little tight for walking, she thought. But you don't have to walk much at a premiere. After she arrived she found that it was pretty tight for sitting, too. But she sat very erect and tried not to breathe too hard. They had piled her hair high on her head and bedecked it with lots of lovely gardenias and what with her sitting up so straight and all it was scarcely surprising that a cross old gentleman, sitting behind her, leaned over to say, "Young lady, will you kindly remove your hat?"

Ann gasped and reached for her hair—and heard a horrid, ripping sound. Her dress had split under her left arm. That was disconcerting, since there was to be a party after the picture, but, at least, it was nice to be able to breathe. Ann slid down in her seat and opened her evening bag to get a handkerchief. More horrors! She had picked up the wrong bag when she left home. This one was a present which had been sent her that very day and she certainly hadn't known that it contained a music box which burst into a cascade of shrill tinkles when the thing was opened.

Even as she struggled to close it and stop the noise she could hear the irate old gentleman making remarks about "vulgar motion picture actresses—always trying to be conspicuous!" while Ann was moaning, "if I ever get out of here, I'll never go anywhere again!" [Continued on page 77]

SCOOP! GEORGE BRENT'S DESERT

Until now, George Brent never has allowed his hidden ranch-house in the Mojave Desert to be photographed, for to him it is another world to which few people are admitted

Below: The hideaway, itself, although not pretentious, was costly to build because of its location and inaccessibility. George, himself, supervised the plans and construction. The layout is typically bachelor. A tennis court adjoins the house. The game which he plays very well, is George's favorite sport.



Left: With his friend, Don Turner, who works with him as stunt man and double. *Right:* Tinkering helps George relax.



HIDEAWAY!



Above: George reaches his hideaway by means of his own plane. He's an expert pilot. He scarcely finished "The Man Who Talked Too Much" before his plane was zooming toward his mysterious haven. *Left:* Ann Sheridan, his current heart interest, thoroughly understands George's temperament of wanting to be away from all activity. *Lower left and right:* He loves exercise and a good book.





When Bob became a Hollywood star he had Madge come out from his home town to be his secretary. There wasn't a doubt she was head-over-heels in love with him. Although he was always doing the thoughtful little things for her that ensnare a girl, he considered her nothing more than a pal.

SMALL TOWN BOY

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

WE'VE been doing Hollywood with a vengeance this week. An old friend from my home town has been out to see us and we've discovered visitors to. Hollywood aren't content with mosing around the garden or taking automobile rides or going on picnics. No indeed! They've been reading SILVER SCREEN and when they come out here they want to go everywhere and do everything the stars are doing.

Wanting to have the house in readiness for Bob's arrival, Madge hurried in and found his wife gayly entertaining another man. Rather than have Bob disillusioned, she demanded that Helena change clothes and places with her before he arrived.

So, the evening clothes we hadn't worn for months came out of hiding and we started on the long trek from the Brown Derby to Ciro's to the Cocoanut Grove to. . . but what's the sense of going on. The stubs in our check book told us how we went on and now we're trying to forget it.

But, of course, it wasn't all bills and headaches. There were the grand spots, too, such as the time Honore and Don Ameche asked us over for a barbecue supper in their garden and our guest from the east was shuttling between the heights of ecstasy and the depths of despair.

I couldn't begin to tell which emotion was uppermost the day we piled into the car and started off.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she began. And then quickly, "But what in the world will I ever find to say to people like that? Gosh, I feel like such a hick. Everyone will be so sophisticated and amusing and clever, I'll feel like such a dope."



couldn't tell true love from false

"Don't be a sap!" I laughed. "Hollywood people are the most down to earth, regular guys in the world. And don't forget Don and Honore come from a small town, too. So do Clark Gable and Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor and Roz Russell and Gary Cooper, along with practically all the rest of the stars out here."

I told her about Bob Wood then. That isn't his real name, of course, but his own was just as simple and unassuming. Bob had been born and brought up in a small town somewhere in Wisconsin and the chances are he'd still be there if a car hadn't broken down on its Main Street the evening the little theatre group was giving their version of "Six Cylinder Love."

The man driving the car was a talent scout from Hollywood and he wandered in to see the play at the local Elks Hall. Bob was playing the lead and he was

[Continued on page 84]



Above: Helena was aware of the way Madge felt about Bob. She began treating her as if she were her personal maid, ordering her around and being generally obnoxious. Below: Kneeling on the floor beside her, his head cradled in her lap, his arms holding her as if they would never let her go again and begging her to forgive him for ever having doubted her.



WE POINT
WITH PRIDE

TO
ANN
SOTHERN

WHEN Ann Sothern failed to get roles best suited to her talents, she had the courage to quit the screen and say she'd never come back until she got the type of part that would do her some good. A year went by without anything happening, but Ann held out. And a good thing she did, too. For along came the Maisie series and she got just what she wanted. And so did M-G-M. Her characterization of the stranded chorus girl is making screen history. *Lower left:* Ann as she appears with Lee Bowman in the latest of her series, "Gold Rush Maisie." *Extreme lower left:* With her husband, Roger Pryor.



SCHOOL For SMARTNESS

fashions by Marjorie May

beauty and accessories by Mary Lee

FIRST aid for busy budgets! School for Smartness brings you a buying guide to Fall fashions. A course about clothes that look like a lot, but cost only a little! Spot-lighting styles that are outstanding values and basic enough to be the backbone of every smart career wardrobe . . . whether it's school, business or the domestic scene. Wearable fashions that are not just flash-in-the-pan, but undated enough to carry over smartly from one season into another. Everything you want to know about accessories is included, plus clever cues on cosmetics and grooming. Use School for Smartness to plan your perfect Autumn ensemble! You'll find prices mentioned for all fashions featured, as well as the names of stores where they can be found. There are additional store names listed in the back on pages 62 and 63. Above, the pert little calot, important for casual wear, is stitched felt with a quill. All colors, about \$3.00 at B. Altman & Co., New York. The lumberjack cardigan is of Shetland-type yarn, comes in ten new eye-catcher colors for Fall. About \$4.00 at Bullocks, Los Angeles. Ideal for school days.



BUDGET

FASHION follows suit for Fall . . . and we'll start out by talking *three-piece suit*, because it's the stand-by for every smart wardrobe. You can wear the coat alone over other dresses. You can wear the jacket for sports, over other dresses or skirts. You can wear the suit alone, in warmer seasons. If you're at college, you'll wear sweaters with your suit. If you're at business, you'll want tailored blouses and jewelry to lend more of an air. Remember to pick the accessories that really complement your suit. When it's in flecked tweed . . . stripes . . . or checks, don't wear accessories with conflicting patterns. Pick up one of the color notes in the fabric and echo this in your hat, gloves, bag. The stunning three-piece suit of checked tweed shown will be smart for seasons to come. It has a slick-fitting reefer coat, over a trim two-piece suit with chiffon scarf tucked in at the neck and a leather belt. Blue or wine combinations. About \$29.95 at R. H. Macy & Co., New York.



Covert cloth topcoat that leads a double life! Z-i-p out the lining and it's fine for Fall. With lining in, it's warm enough for Winter. The belt unbuttons and comes off, too. Result—a much dressier looking coat for other occasions. About \$25.00 at The May Co., Cleveland



A new Sunset Boulevard Fashion, designed by Howard Greer, one of Hollywood's foremost fashionists. The important pork-pie silhouette in soft Tish-U-Suede with glove-stitched brim. About \$6.00. Write for store names. Plaid calot (left) about \$2.00 at James McCreery.

BLESSINGS

for **SMART SCHOOLGIRLS
CLEVER CAREERISTS
MODERN YOUNG MARRIEDS**

Cutting flowers and cutting a fine figure in crisp spun-rayon, with a cardigan neckline. Gay for mornings, at home, smart for business, too! One-piece with shadow-checked top, deeper-tone skirt. The belt slides under two pockets in front. Only \$4.00 at Lansburgh and Brother, Washington, D. C.; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis.

ONCE you've found an all-around topcoat or three-piece suit, the rest is easy! Use the suit or coat as your fashion formula and find clothes to combine with it cleverly. An extra in-between dress is almost a must, of course. The long-sleeved jersey shown here is perfect for your fill-in frock, under a coat such as the covert one opposite. It also goes well with a topcoat from almost any tailored suit. About \$7.98 at R. H. Stearns, Boston; H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati. With it, wear a jersey head-twister. About \$1.00 at Gladdings, Providence; The Emporium, San Francisco. The plaid wool bag is fitted with everything imaginable, including a memo pad. It comes in plain corduroy, too. About \$2.00 at Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Mandel Bros., Chicago; Saks 34th Street, N. Y.



Look pretty, please . . . in this smartly ribbed Shetland-type set. Slip-on, about \$3.00, Cardigan about \$4.00 at Frank R. Jelleff Co., Washington, D. C. Featherweight pearls, large but light, about \$1.00 at Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia. Flannel backward pillbox, about \$4.00 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.



Important backward beret in fine Lyons velvet. Black or brown. About \$5.00 at The Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Rich's, Atlanta.



FASHIONS are best when they're "double features" . . . basic and simple enough for the office or every-day wear, but dressed-up enough—when you add the right accessories—to go places in style. A good example is this back-buttoning jersey with pocket interest in front and the new note of belting ribbon banding. About \$7.00 at McCurdy & Company, Rochester; Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. Quite correct for tea-time with the smart baker's-cap beret of fine felt, about \$5.00. Write for store names. The pearl necklace and bracelet add an air. They're a twin-set that clasps together to make a longer necklace. About \$2.00 at William Filene's Sons Co., Boston; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago. Another good example is this long-coat ensemble in a dull, thin fabric that has the look of wool, but none of its bulk. Over the simple one-piece frock, a long coat with waistline banding of gold kid and front-file of gold buttons. Another double-duty fashion for daytime or dress-up. About \$8.00 at Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; also may be seen at Famous & Barr, St. Louis.



Double

SILVER SCREEN



Velvet coat plus matching wool dress. Another important double-feature fashion for Fall! The coat of fine twill-back velveteen buttons down the front over a slick-fitting dress on princess lines. Wine, green, brown, black. About \$23.00 at Bloomingdale's; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Bullocks, Los Angeles. The soft suede tie-on turban is about \$3.00 at Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston. Stunning triangular pouch in suede, about \$3.00 at The Lindner Co., Cleveland; Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood. Topaz and gold bracelet about \$1.00 at Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn; Stern-Mann, Canton; The Boston Store, Milwaukee.

LOOK for a slimmer silhouette, this Fall. Coats and dresses lose much of their flare and concentrate fullness at the front. There's wide interest in side-draped effects, too. Elegance is on a quieter note with less glitter and fuss, due to troubled conditions abroad. Richness is achieved through fabric texture and design interest, rather than with elaborate trimmings. The newest idea in accessories is—match your hat and gloves, smartest of all in vivid-colored suede. Gold is all important in jewelry and you'll see the Midas touch everywhere, on bags, hats, gowns, as well. Millinery's new mood is expressed in huge platter berets, worn high and handsome . . . and very flattering, too. The color question? A little early to answer that, but in addition to all-important black, you'll see new deep shades of brown stressed and subtle, smoky greys and taupes.



FEATURES

for SEPTEMBER 1940

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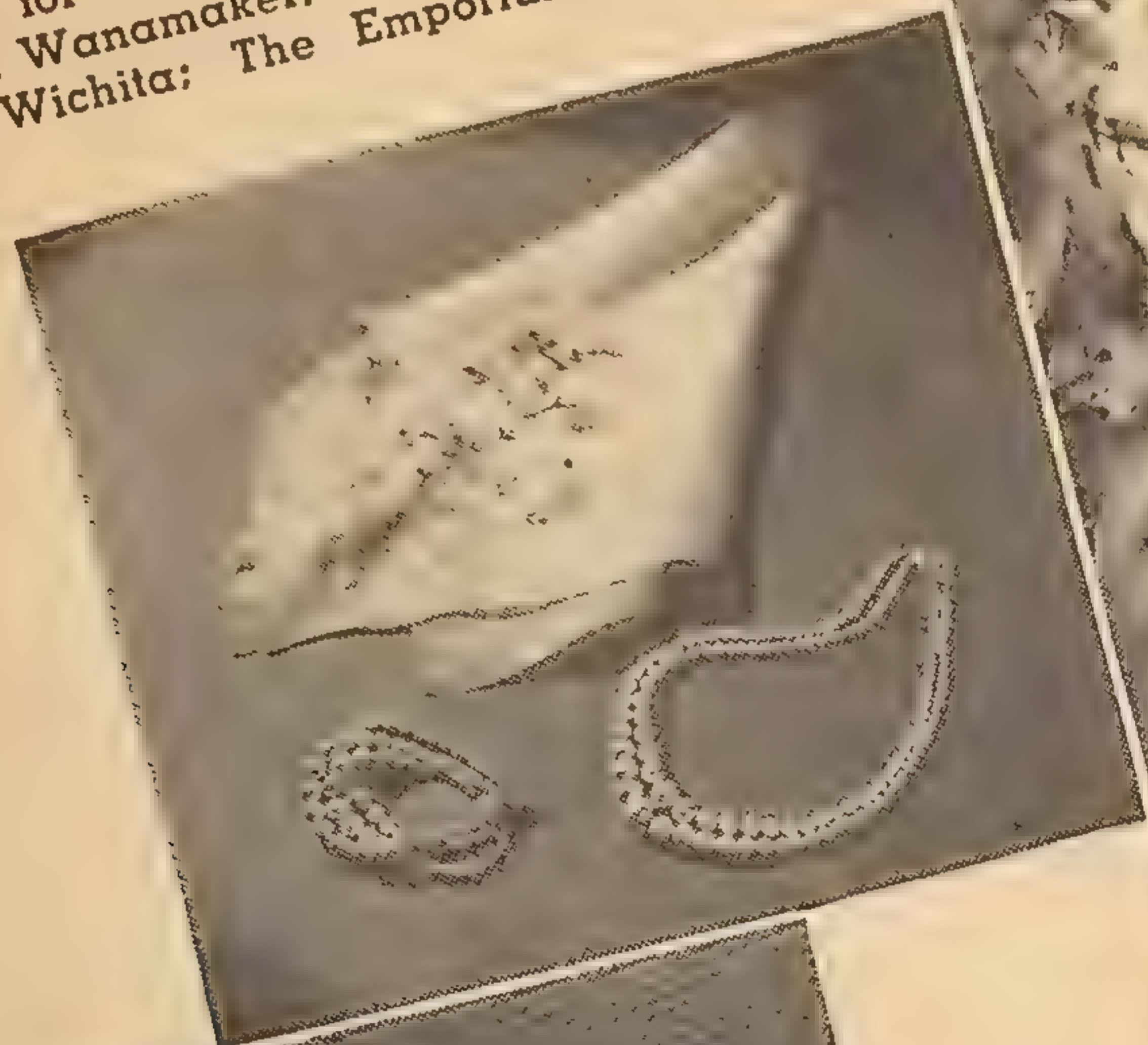
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An Empire air to this wide-spreading frock of whispering Celanese rayon taffeta. The perk jacket has pouf sleeves and highlights of gold leather applique with gilt embroidery. About \$15.00 at Franklin Simon in New York, Greenwich, East Orange; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago.

DRAMATIC color . . . good lines! That's the secret of an evening gown that makes heads turn! Remember, in choosing yours, to find a frock that's true to your type. Are you petite? Let your costume concentrate on the soft, feminine taffetas and crisp nets that show off dainty proportions. Are you tall? Glittering metallics, sumptuous velvets and satins are ideal. Are you fuller in figure? If so, keep clear of stiff fabrics that stand out, shiny-surfaced ones that catch the light. Choose, instead, dull crepes and suave fabrics that conceal flatteringly. And just a word of warning, please. Watch that posture! The loveliest gown in the world looks like nothing at all when you enter a room slouching.

CHIFFON SQUARE with Beauvais flower. About \$1.00 at Lord & Taylor; C. Crawford Hollidge, Boston. PEARL TWINSET—the bracelet attaches cleverly to the necklace for a longer strand—about \$2.00 at R. H. Macy & Co.; John Shillito Co., Cincinnati. HEADNOTES—for a long, plain bob, the glitter bow of gold kid. Porcelain-like flower spray for curls and swirls. Each about \$1.00 at John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; George Innes Co., Wichita; The Emporium, St. Paul.



SIREN SECRETS

Ideas for extra evening effect
.... and all from Woolworth's!

In eye-shadow, too . . . two is better than one! Try blending two colors, for new excitement. Blue and green works into a stunning peacock color. Blend it on the side of your palm, then it won't streak, going on! Cost: 20c

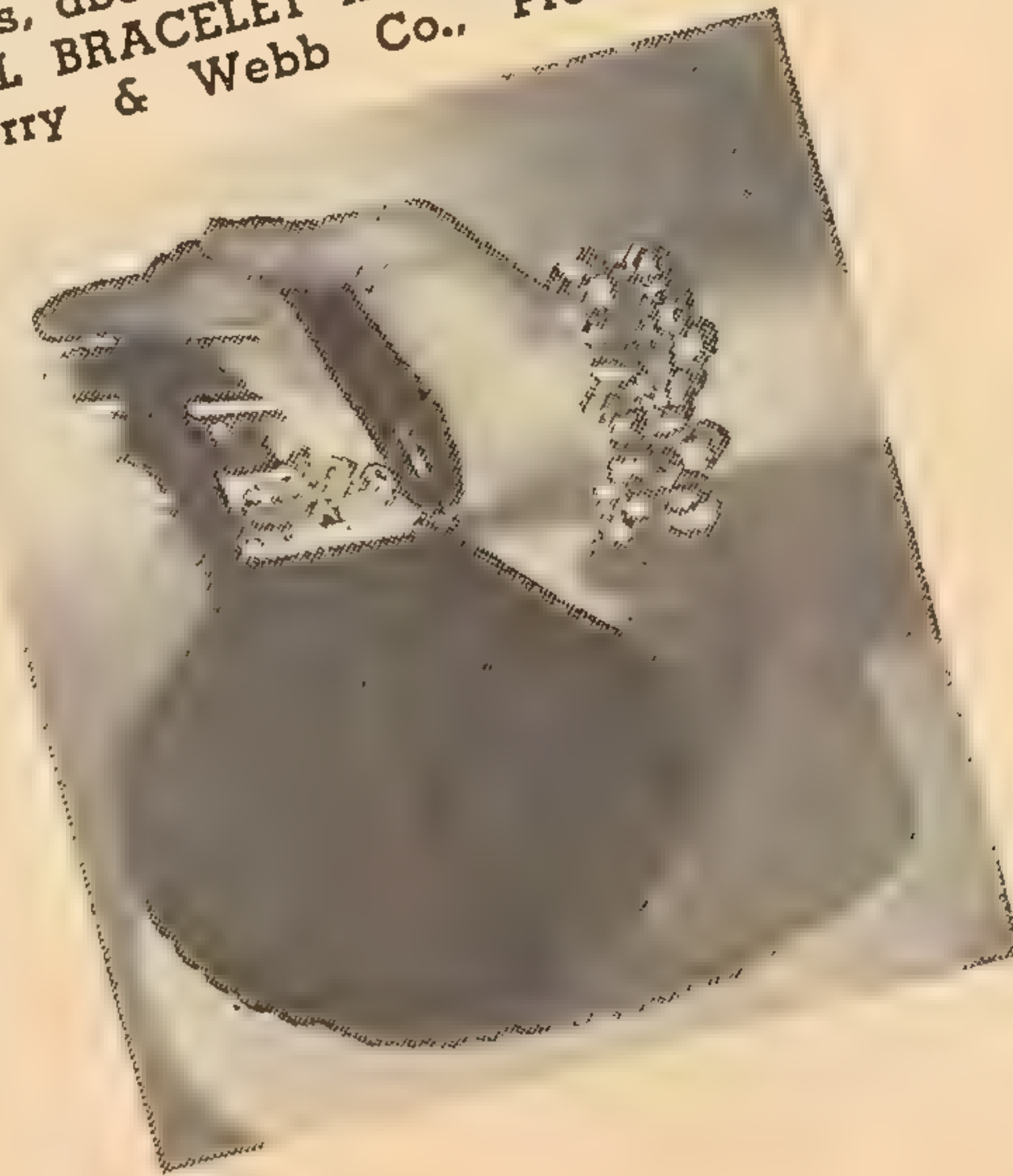
To dress up a plain dinner dress, try wearing four different necklaces, two in gold, two in silver. Get narrow ones so the effect will be that of one lavish necklace, when they're massed. Cost: 40c

Adorable earrings are made in the twinkling of an eye, by taking pearl stud earrings, then tying on little velvet bows right at the hoop part underneath, where they fasten to the ears. Use the narrowest possible velvet baby ribbon in a color to match your dress. Cost: 20c

For pearls that are different-looking, take a necklace or earrings and dunk them in nail-polish. You get a lovely iridescent pink. Cost: 20c



BOLERO GOWN of lush high-shining Celanese Rayon slipper satin. The intriguing halter neck-band is caught by a lavish jewelled clip. Add the bolero for less formal occasions. About \$15.00 at Franklin Simon in New York, Greenwich, East Orange; Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago. COCKTAIL BAG of black silk, equally apropos for evening or for dressed-up afternoons, about \$3.00 at Saks 34th Street; Mandel Bros., Chicago. BALL BRACELET in jingling gold and silver, about \$1.00 at Cherry & Webb Co., Providence; Golden Rule, St. Paul.



TURNS WITH



MEET THE MUMMY

Only a Garbo with perfect face contours can dare this wrap-up! It takes every vestige of softening hair away from the face, hardens features, adds years. Not to be attempted, unless you're competition for Greta!



SEE THE SCRUBLADY

Equally sad, the I'm-so-tired-of-it-all effect with the same wilted air clever Zasu Pitts creates by droopy hands. This one's right only when you're cleaning house. Sloppy draping, therefore, alas, no silhouette!



HERE'S HOW

Draping an intricate-looking affair out of a plain straight band is easy.



Step 2—

Holding one end out, fast, you go round and round the knot with the other, making a little mound. Fasten this with an invisible hairpin.

Step 1—

You tie the ends into a knot above your forehead, holding the turban snug and firm.



Step 3—

Run the other end round and round, building the mound up higher. Tuck the end under and fasten securely with another invisible hairpin. Presto, a perfect turban!

A TURBAN



PERFECT TURBAN

In the maharanee manner. Steal your Uncle Ebenezer's stick-pin or use any ornamental pin or buckle for headlight interest. Here, it's a sea-horse from Woolworth's, only 25¢



Just a jersey band! One end looped, the other twisted around and tucked under at the back . . . for a towering turban with fly-away flair and an intricate air!

NOTHING'S nicer than a turban, properly worn. Nothing's worse, when it's wrong! Because these fabric twists are so versatile . . . because they're effective as well as economical . . . because they hug the head so comfortably in windy weather . . . because they look so well with big fur collars, we say, bravo for the Turban Urge. Here are some don'ts and do's when it's your turn! Turbans shown in mesh or jersey, \$1.00 at Accessory Dept., Bloomingdale's, New York; Scruggs, Vandevoot & Barney, St. Louis; The May Company, Denver.

For a fashion flare, look at "Spire," from the new collection of gloves by Julius Kayser. These gloves, designed by Natascha, are of Milosuede, Kayser's new, sueded rayon, with point-less backs and applique of leather. The gloves have a rich and beautiful appearance and are so comfortable and adjustable to hands. In black, wine, chocolate, navy and stop red, at \$1. That felt hat with its contrasting veil is a winner, by Sally Victor.

High-steppers, these Paris Fashion Shoes by Wohl, featuring the new "scooped" wedge heel. They come in black or port wine elasticized suede that caresses the foot into lines of beauty, grace and comfort. Just enough of an open toe, too. Happily priced at about \$3, and a find!

There's the correct campus touch to these Ansonia shoes for collegiates. They get class A1 approval! Of rust bucko, with swagger side lace and a heavy crepe sole. A pair of these, some bright socks, and you'll keep your feet on the ground. Priced about \$5.98.

"FIRSTS" from Hand to Foot

They are dramatic, these Milosuede gloves, also designed by Natascha and from the Julius Kayser collection. They have a wrist and hand slimming virtue, and are very right with your softer frocks and coats. These are "Flourish," as the leather applique suggests. The backs are pointless, like many of the new gloves. Black, wine, chocolate or navy, \$1. Hat triumph in black velvet is by Sally Victor.



Rich beauty in black! You'll see this ensemble at the World's Fair in the Stuart Brooks shop. Red Cross shoes with ski heel, suede with alligator trim, \$6.50. Imported French antelope bag, by Dubuler & Son, \$2.95. Boulevard gloves, made in America, of imported French antelope with baby alligator trim are priced at \$1.95.

Ansonia has also done a nice job with these genuine calf closed ghillies. Note the large English type perforations with antique finish. Shoes that see you sturdily and smartly through school, or for general, casual purposes. At \$5.98.



Fashion Flashes: Watch for sculpture in heels! See that you wear suede! Choose gloves in harmony with hats!

Where to Find School for Smartness Fashions

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Cardigan by Select Sportswear, Inc.

CHICAGO—Kremer's Palmer House
CLEVELAND—The Halle Bros. Co.
EVANSTON—Milburn's
LOS ANGELES—Bullocks
NEW YORK—James McCreery & Co.
PORTLAND—Lipman-Wolfe & Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Frank R. Jeffer Inc.

Calot by Debway Hats, Inc.

BOSTON—Jordan Marsh
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Frederick Loeser & Co.
CHICAGO—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
DALLAS—A. Harris & Co.
DENVER—The May Co.
HARTFORD—G. Fox & Co.
LOS ANGELES—J. W. Robinson Co.
NEW YORK—B. Altman & Co.
NEW YORK—Bloomingdale's
NEW YORK—James McCreery & Co.
NEW YORK—Stern Bros.
PROVIDENCE—Gladdings
ST. LOUIS—Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, Inc.
SAN FRANCISCO—The Emporium

PAGE 52

Three Piece Suit by Siegal Bros.

BOSTON—Wm. Filene's Sons Company
CLEVELAND—The May Company
DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Co.
NEW YORK—R. H. Macy & Co.

Covert Cloth Coat by Siegal Bros.

See Preceding List—Page 52

Plaid Calot by Debway Hats, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 51

Corduroy Bag by Friedman-Lobel, Inc.

CHICAGO—Mandel Bros.
CLEVELAND—The Halle Bros. Co.
NEW YORK—Saks 34th Street

Pork Pie Hat by Leighton Hat Company

Write for store names

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Slip-on and Cardigan by Select Sportswear, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 51

Backward Pillbox by Betmar Hats, Inc.

CHICAGO—Marshall Field & Co.
NEW YORK—Lord & Taylor
NEW YORK—Saks Fifth Avenue

Marvella Nature-Dipped Pearls by Weinreich Bros.

BOSTON—Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
BROOKLYN—Abraham & Strauss
CANTON—Stern-Mann
CHICAGO—Chas. A. Stevens
CINCINNATI—The John Shillito Co.
CLEVELAND—The Higbee Company
DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Co.
INDIANAPOLIS—The Wm. H. Block Co.
MILWAUKEE—The Boston Store
NEW YORK—Bloomingdale's
NEW YORK—R. H. Macy & Co.
NEW YORK—Saks 34th Street
NEW YORK—Stern Bros.
PHILADELPHIA—Bonwit-Teller
PHILADELPHIA—John Wanamaker
PITTSBURGH—The Joseph Horne Co.
ST. PAUL—The Emporium.

Jersey Dress by Mayflower Dress Co., Inc.

BALTIMORE—Stewart's
BOSTON—R. H. Stearns'
CHICAGO—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
CINCINNATI—H. & S. Pogue Co.
CLEVELAND—The Halle Bros. Co.
DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Co.

LOS ANGELES—Bullocks

MILWAUKEE—T. A. Chapman
MINNEAPOLIS—The Dayton Co.
NEWARK—Kresge Dept. Store
NEW YORK—Arnold Constable & Co.
NEW YORK—R. H. Macy & Co.
NEW YORK—Bloomingdale's
OAKLAND—The H. C. Capwell Co.
PITTSBURGH—The Joseph Horne Co.
PORTLAND—Meier and Frank
ROCHESTER—McCurdy & Co.
ST. LOUIS—Stix Baer & Fuller
SAN DIEGO—The Marston Co.
TOLEDO—LaSalle & Koch Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Lansburgh & Brother

Jersey Turban by Debway Hats, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 51

Plaid Bag by Friedman-Lobel, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 52

Spun-Rayon Dress by Mayflower Dress Co., Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 53

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Velvet Beret by Hinchley Hats, Inc.

ATLANTA—Rich's, Inc.
CINCINNATI—H. & S. Pogue Co.
PITTSBURGH—Gimbel Brothers



Earl Carroll with three of his famous show girls have a friendly chat between scenes of Paramount's "A Night at Earl Carroll's," a tribute to him.

PITTSBURGH—*The Joseph Horne Co.*
 SAN FRANCISCO—*Livingston's*
 WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*

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Velvet and Wool Ensemble by Berkeley Juniors, Inc.

DETROIT—*The J. L. Hudson Company*
 LOS ANGELES—*Bullocks*
 NEW YORK—*Bloomingdale's*

Suede Headtwister by Debway Hats, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 51

Suede Bag by Westerman-Rosenberg, Inc.

CHICAGO—*Chas. A. Stevens*
 CLEVELAND—*The Lindner Co.*
 DETROIT—*Himelhoch Bros. Co.*
 HOLLYWOOD—*Broadway-Hollywood*
 NEW YORK—*Franklin Simon & Co.*
 NEW YORK—*James McCreery & Co.*
 NEW YORK—*Saks Fifth Avenue*
 PITTSBURGH—*Gimbel Brothers*

Gold and Topaz Bracelet by Lisanda

See Preceding List—Page 53

PAGE 56

Taffeta Frock by Columbia Dance Frocks

CHICAGO—*Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.*
 EAST ORANGE—*Franklin Simon & Co.*
 GREENWICH, CONN.—*Franklin Simon & Co.*
 NEW YORK—*Franklin Simon & Co.*

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Chiffon Square by Burmel Hdkf. Corp.

BOSTON—*C. Crawford Hollidge*
 CHICAGO—*Marshall Field & Co.*
 MILWAUKEE—*Smartwear—Emma Lange, Inc.*
 NEW YORK—*Lord & Taylor*

Marvella Nature-Dipped Pearl Twinset by Weinreich Bros.

See Preceding List—Page 53

Hair Ornaments by Ben Hur Products, Inc.

BALTIMORE—*Hutzler Bros.*
 BOSTON—*Wm. Filene's Sons Co.*
 CLEVELAND—*The Higbee Company*
 LINCOLN—*Gold and Company*
 MINNEAPOLIS—*The Dayton Company*
 NEW YORK—*B. Altman & Co.*



Constance Moore, one of the busiest players on the Universal payroll, is quite the gardener. The outfit she's wearing is both cute and practical.

NEW YORK—*R. H. Macy & Co.*
 NEW YORK—*Stern Bros.*
 PHILADELPHIA—*John Wanamaker*
 ST. LOUIS—*Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney*
 ST. PAUL—*The Emporium*
 WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Julius Garfinckel Co.*
 WICHITA—*George Innes Co.*

Cocktail Bag by Friedman-Lobel, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 53

Bracelet by Omar, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 54

Satin Gown by Columbia Dance Frocks

See Preceding List—Page 56

PAGES 58 and 59

Headtwisters by Debway Hats, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 51

PAGES 60 and 61

Write for information and store names on all accessories featured in these pages

Jersey Dress by Mayflower Dress Co., Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 53

Beret by Leighton Hat Co.

Write for store names

Marvella Nature-Dipped Pearls by Weinreich Bros.

See Preceding List—Page 53

Evelyn Alden Frock by Lombardy Dress Co.

BOSTON—*Jordan Marsh*
 ST. LOUIS—*Famous Barr*

Bracelet by Omar, Inc.

BALTIMORE—*Hochschild, Kohn & Co.*
 BOSTON—*Wm. Filene's Sons Co.*
 BUFFALO—*The Wm. Hengerer Co.*
 CINCINNATI—*Rollman & Sons Co.*
 CLEVELAND—*The Higbee Company*
 COLUMBUS—*The Morehouse Martins Co.*
 DALLAS—*A. Harris & Co.*
 DAYTON—*Home Store*
 DETROIT—*The J. L. Hudson Co.*
 FT. WORTH—*Monnig's Dry Goods Co.*
 HOUSTON—*Sakowitz Bros.*
 INDIANAPOLIS—*The Wm. H. Block Co.*
 KANSAS CITY—*Harzfeld's*
 MEMPHIS—*B. Lowenstein, Inc.*
 MINNEAPOLIS—*Powers Dry Goods Co.*
 NEWARK—*L. Bamberger & Co.*
 NEW HAVEN—*Hamilton & Co.*
 NEW ORLEANS—*Maison Blanche Co.*
 NEW YORK—*Saks 34th Street*
 OKLAHOMA CITY—*Halliburton's*
 OMAHA—*J. L. Brandeis & Sons*
 PHILADELPHIA—*Snellenburgs*
 PROVIDENCE—*Cherry & Webb Co.*
 ROCHESTER—*E. W. Edwards & Son*
 ST. LOUIS—*Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney*
 ST. PAUL—*Golden Rule*
 SAN ANTONIO—*Joske Bros. Co.*
 SAN FRANCISCO—*Liebes Company*
 SYRACUSE—*Flah & Co.*
 TOLEDO—*LaSalle & Koch Co.*
 TULSA—*Brown Dunkins Dry Goods Co.*
 WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Lansburgh & Brother*
 WORCESTER, MASS.—*Denholm & McKay*

SO YOU WANT

Then here's a new technique to help you. Important, above all things, is appearance, that unspoken introduction!

SEPTEMBER sounds the end of Summer. Good-bye to the beach, the pines on that lonely but lovely mountain, the care-free, casual days. But hello to something else, adventurous, exciting, demanding. Your first job! You, the graduates of the classes of '40, want a job. Then consider seriously the very first impression you will make on a prospective employer—your appearance. For appearance is your first introduction before a word is spoken, before anyone has opportunity to talk with you even or to discover those brilliant marks you may have to your credit.

In other words, you must look like a winner to be one, though you need be neither a Venus nor an Adonis. On the girls' side, there's Judy Garland—so fresh, so vital, so utterly appealing, and who also looks as if she could do a thing or two. On the boys' side, there's Mickey Rooney, with his alert, human, and sparkling per-



No one is more typical of the job-seeking youth than Mickey Rooney. *Left:* A comedy scene with Mickey and Judy Garland from "Strike Up The Band." *Below:* Director Busby Berkeley coaches youthful Joe Butler and June Preisser.



sonality that one immediately senses. Neither is strictly beautiful nor handsome, but they more than make up for it in the everyday variety of good looks.

According to an authority with whom I have talked, "The girl with clear skin, modish make-up and glossy, well-dressed hair has the edge on her plain, but intelligent, sister when it comes to landing a job."

This authority places appearance emphasis on skin, because a girl can go to a beauty salon and have her hair groomed for the occasion and she can, to some extent, avail herself of make-up consultations, many of which are free, but she cannot instantly correct a skin that is badly broken out and a source of constant embarrassment. This blemished skin is one of the crosses of youth or, at least, young skin—and your skin may be very young in this respect though you may be well into your twenties.

Just why do you get those ghastly bumps, those ugly little splotches and abhorred blackheads? Barring any extreme physical irregularity, the cause is oil—too much oil. The natural apertures of the skin simply are not sufficient to bring this oil directly to the surface where you might remove it. And so it remains under the surface, clogging up your skin disposal

A JOB?

By Mary Lee



complex by letting her suffer with a bad skin. It leaves psychological scars that are worse than physical ones.

"So I began to work on formulas for the young skin that were utterly different from mature skin preparations, for young skins cannot be treated like mature skins. They secrete too much oil; mature skins secrete too little. Thus, this young acne skin must avoid oil, whereas mature skins need to supplement their lack of natural oil with heavier creams. So when Daughter, with her problem skin, borrows some of Mother's cream, in the hope that this is the magic cure for her bumps and 'bimples,' she is doing exactly the wrong thing for her skin."

Hopefully, for you with problem skins, I would like to give an extra sincere paragraph or two to the splendid results I have seen from these formulas for young skin. There are a number of them, but I am especially enthusiastic about a kit collection of four, very reasonably priced, on which I shall be delighted to write you full details as to name, price and where to buy. In this kit you find a liquid complexion soap that is most effective in correcting and controlling the surplus oil, the cause of your embarrassing skin, a greaseless lubricant, which keeps skin soft

[Continued on page 97]



Judy Garland typifies the job-seeking American girl. She and Mickey Rooney are co-starred in "Strike Up The Band," a gay musical comedy of high school youths. *Right:* One of the funnier scenes. *Below:* With Director Berkeley.



system, as a drain is clogged. When oil remains in this condition too long, it decomposes, and the result is a nice blemish, blackheads, whiteheads and a generally most unattractive skin. Even make-up can do little to correct its appearance.

You will see many such skin cases about you, especially with girls and boys in their 'teens. The old thought was that this was, with many, just a phase of youth, such as the change of voice in boys, and the sudden outbursting of figures in spots with the girls, and that gradually youth outgrew this skin. While this skin condition is a phase of youth and many do outgrow it, alas, the cost is dear. How many a pocked, scarred and roughened skin remains, and how many hours of heart-break and humiliation are suffered.

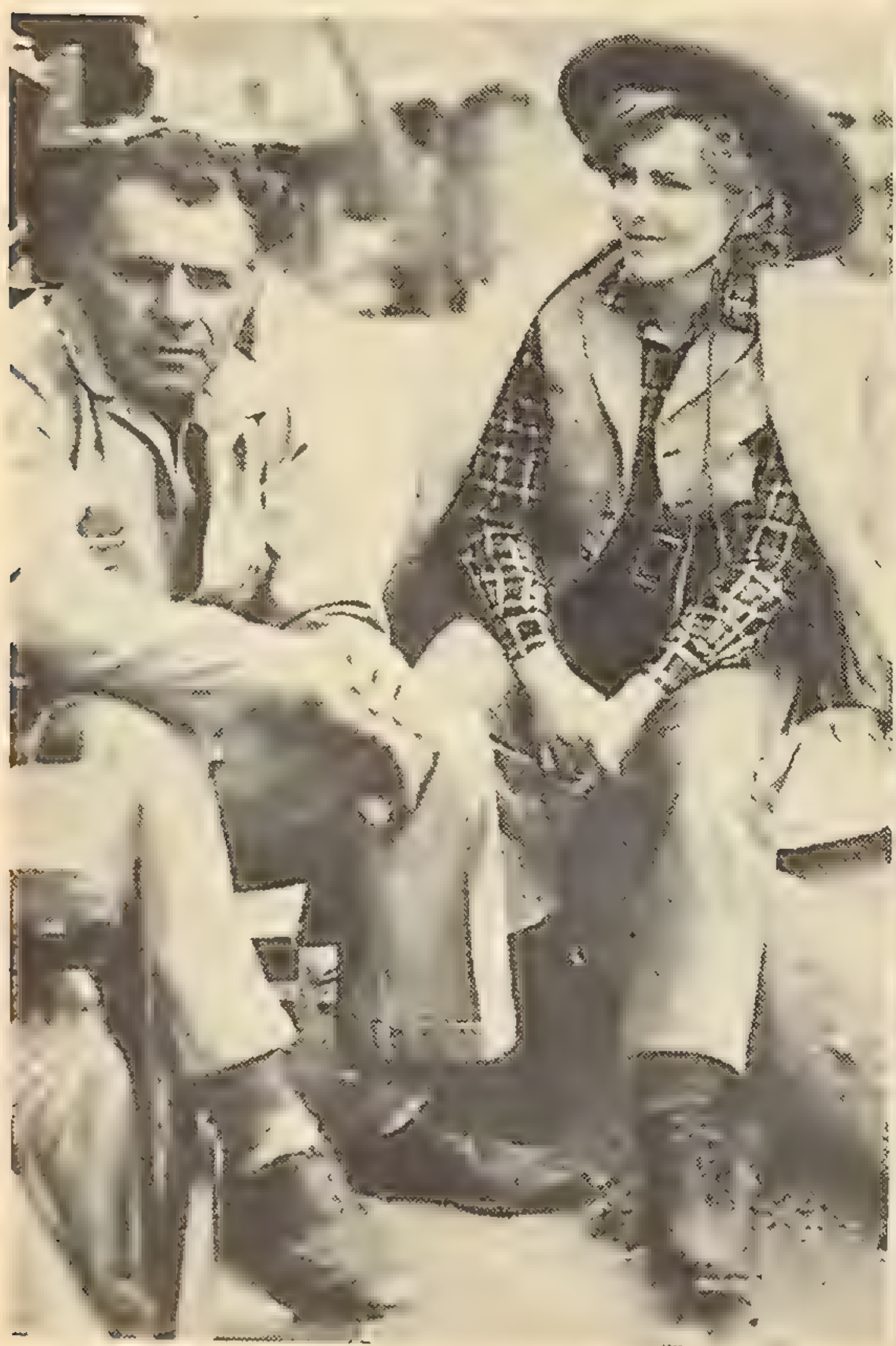
Again, according to our authority, "What should a young girl do? For a long time, beauty experts gave her no answer. If she had acne, she was told, 'Just wait; you'll grow out of it in a year or two.' A year at that age is a couple of eternities. Hating her own face, she tried things that did it harm, irritated blackheads until they became boils that left permanent scars, made herself wretched and spoiled her own social life.

"It's a serious thing to give an impressionable young girl an inferiority

Jean Puts Glamour Aside



IN PLAYING the role of Phoebe Titus, first white woman pioneer to figure in the Apache state's history, Jean Arthur has discarded all the magic of make-up relying on soap, water and the great outdoors to add to her natural beauty. Columbia Pictures, in spending close to \$2,000,000 on this western classic, filmed it in its entirety in its authentic locale on a mile-square reconstructed Old Tucson, 14 miles from the present city. *Above left:* William Holden plays Peter Muncie, who falls in love with Jean and finally wins her hand in marriage. *Above right:* The temperature was 120 in the sun as this was taken. *Right:* Jean, an expert horsewoman, needed no double for the riding scenes. *Below:* With Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles between scenes of "Arizona."



If other actresses can do it, so can Jean Arthur who shuns all beauty aids in her thrilling role of Phoebe Titus, fearless pioneer, in "Arizona"



TAKE a look at Jean above and then take a look at her on the right. Only a girl with the natural beauty of Jean could afford to pass up all the glamourizing beauty aids. *Below:* Chatting with William Holden while awaiting a scene of the Civil War era. *Below right:* Jean preparing dough with which to bake her own bread in a scene for "Arizona." Incidentally, Warren William has the very important role of the villainous Jefferson Carteret. The cast includes 2,500 players in all. The most thrilling sequence in the picture is a breath-taking cattle stampede with Jean right in the middle.



Reviews

Direct From
Hollywood

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO PASS ANOTHER AWARD TO BETTE— Warners

BETTE DAVIS and Charles Boyer are teamed in the photoplay adapted from Rachael Field's widely read novel. The film follows the book carefully, and under Anatole Litvak's admirable direction becomes one of the finest and most powerful pictures of the year. As Henriette Deluzy-Desportes, the little governess who becomes innocently involved in one of France's most sensational murders, Bette Davis gives another of her Academy Award winning performances. And as the Duc de Praslin Monsieur Charles Boyer has never been better. The picture centers on the experiences of the governess in the ill-fated household of the Duc and Duchess de Praslin, and with baited breath you follow one sequence after another leading up to the murder and suicide. Barbara O'Neill is magnificent as the insanely jealous Duchess who seeks her revenge on the governess whom she considers a rival for her husband's love. The de Praslin children are excellently played by June Lockhart, Virginia Weidler, Ann Todd, and a darling little boy named Richard Nichols. Jeffrey Lynn plays Henry Field, the American clergyman, to whom Henriette turns in her sorrow. Excellent in small parts are Helen Westley, Harry Davenport, Henry Daniell and Montagu Love. Like "Gone With the Wind," this picture is shown in two parts

with an intermission. It's a long sitdown, but you won't be bored.

NEW MOON

AS BRIGHT AS EVER—M-G-M

WHAT a pleasure it is in the midst of all this turmoil to be able to forget for an hour our world-weariness and sit back and enjoy beautiful Jeanette MacDonald and handsome Nelson Eddy singing to each other, even more romantically and delightfully than ever before. To our way of thinking a romantic musical interlude is just what we need right now. Based on the well known operetta, "New Moon" takes you from the French Revolution in eighteenth century France to that distant colony, Louisiana. Like most operettas it's pretty stagey as far as plot is concerned, but the music makes up for everything. And when sung by Jeanette and Nelson what more can you ask? Very pleasant to the ear and the eye are the screen's famous lovers singing "Lover Come Back to Me," "Wanting you" and "One Kiss." The Sigmund Romberg music has lost none of its charm.

PRIVATE AFFAIRS

POKING FUN AT THE SOCIAL SET—
Universal

AN UNPRETENTIOUS, but very gay, little comedy that is guaranteed not to bore you. Roland Young plays the disinherited son of a rich and socialite Bos-

ton family. And that other grand comedian, Hugh Herbert, plays a taxi cab driver, who sort of teams up with the disinherited one in order to collect his cab fare. The plot concerns Mr. Young's efforts to save his daughter, Nancy Kelly, from one of those pre-arranged socialite marriages, and Mr. Herbert gives him plenty of cooperation. The social set comes in for considerable kidding.

THE GHOST BREAKERS

A GRAND COMEDY MYSTERY—Paramount

DID you split your sides laughing over the antics of comedian Bob Hope and gorgeous looker Paulette Goddard in that comedy mystery "The Cat and the Canary?" Well, get ready to split your sides again because "The Ghost Breakers" is even more funny. Paulette plays an American girl, alone in the world, who inherits a haunted castle in Cuba. On the boat she finds Bob Hope, a radio commentator, in her trunk, and together they approach the gruesome castle. There are sliding panels, ghosts, murders, glass-sided coffins and all kinds of thrillers—with Bob keeping up a gay line of chatter throughout everything. In the cast are Richard Carlson, Paul Lukas, Pedro de Cordoba, Anthony Quinn, and Willie Best whom Bob calls "Syracuse." It's a grand comedy mystery that you shouldn't miss.

EARTHBOUND

DISAPPOINTING—20th Century-Fox

THIS picture dips into the supernatural and Warner Baxter appears as a ghost. He, now happily married to Andrea Leeds, gets shot at the beginning of the picture by Lynn Bari who just can't get over her love for him. Lynn's husband, Henry Wil-



Above: Wendy Barrie with Gene Raymond, who returns to the screen to co-star with her in "Cross-Country Romance," a delightfully romantic comedy. In the supporting cast are Hedda Hopper and Billy Gilbert.

The most powerfully impressive film of the year so far is "All This, And Heaven Too," which co-stars Bette Davis and Charles Boyer. You see them here with little Richard Nichols who steals many a scene.



Above: Robert Cummings and Nancy Kelly in one of the more tender moments of "Private Affairs," which is really an excellently done comedy with Roland Young, Hugh Herbert and Montagu Love never better.

Left: Paulette Goddard seems to be having a severe case of chills and fever and that's precisely what's in store for you when you see Paulette and Bob Hope in their latest hit, "The Ghost Breakers."

coxon, takes the blame for the killing and is sentenced to life imprisonment. Warner is a troubled ghost, unable to find peace until he has cleared his friend of the murder charge. The best thing in the picture is the performance by Christian Rub, who plays a witness at the murder trial.

THE MORTAL STORM

A TRAGIC STORY—M-G-M

THIS is the adaptation of Phyllis Botome's anti-Nazi novel and tells what was happening in Germany in 1933—and which eventually led up to what is happening in the world of 1940. But what with the brutality in Europe today the picture, in comparison, seems quite mild. The story concerns a family in Germany when Hitler comes into power. Frank Morgan, magnificent in a dramatic role for a change, plays a kindly professor, loved by his family and honored by his colleagues and students. But with the advent of Hitler he becomes an object of scorn because he has non-Aryan blood, and he is doomed to die in a concentration camp. His wife and daughter stand by him, but his sons desert him and join up with Hitler. Margaret Sullavan, the daughter, is in love with Jimmy Stewart, a lifelong friend, but their romance too must end in heart-breaking tragedy. The picture is extremely well acted by every member of the cast with Irene Rich as the mother, Robert Young as a fanatical young Storm

Right: Mary Boland and Jeanette MacDonald in a colorful scene from "New Moon," which also boasts of the booming baritone of Nelson Eddy. He and Jeanette do marvelously well with the Romberg tunes.



Trooper, Robert Stack and William Orr as the brothers, and Madame Ouspenskaya as Jimmy's mother. No escapism here, but it is a picture you ought to see.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS

ANOTHER "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS"—RKO

FOR their second venture in The Play's the Thing productions Gene Towne and Graham Baker have chosen that famous old English yarn, "Tom Brown's School Days," which was written about 1857 by Thomas Hughes. Great credit should be given them for their excellent production of this wonderful old classic, which thanks to them adjusts itself remarkably well to the present times. If you

took "Goodbye Mr. Chips" to your heart, then you'll certainly go for "Tom Brown" as the two pictures have that same nostalgic quality. Under the perfect direction of Robert Stevenson, an Englishman, the famed English school of Rugby is shown us at its authentic best. Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby from 1828 to 1842, who is supposed to have established the public school system as it is in operation today. Arnold finds it difficult to enforce his honor system and his theories of education and is on the verge of resigning when Squire Brown shows his faith in him by sending his own son Tom Brown to Rugby. Poor

[Continued on page 90]

Judy Garland, Francis Pierlot and Mickey Rooney do an amusing scene for "Strike Up The Band."



Brian Aherne, Rita Hayworth (standing), Evelyn Keyes and Eddie Norris in "The Lady in Question."

Pictures on the Fire!

Visits to the various sets for advance information on the important films being prepared for your enjoyment

By

Dick Mook

IT SEEMS strange as I start out to cover the studios on a sunny, peaceful morning that elsewhere in the world people are dying by thousands and that the last thing they are thinking of in other parts of the world is amusement. Yet the studios are all running full blast in an effort to turn out entertainment that will take the eyes of people away from the war-torn headlines of the daily papers.

Paramount

PARAMOUNT, for instance, has several light comedies shooting.

The most important is called "Rhythm on the River" and stars Bing Crosby and Mary Martin. It is cause for cheers that Bing, at long last, has a *vis-a-vis* who can sing and act, instead of an unknown, who is usually cast opposite him and who sel-

dom turns out to be anything of a muchness.

In this picture, he writes music and Mary writes lyrics for a song-writer who used to be tops but who has run out of inspiration and hires them to work for him at \$50 a week apiece, calmly signing his name to their efforts. Neither, of course, knows what the other is doing. And here they are on a little old river boat that ran aground twenty years before. Bing's uncle owns the boat, and Bing is taking soundings as Mary watches interestedly.

"Three feet," says Bing, pulling the sounding line out of the water. "It's always three feet."

"What is it?" Mary inquires.

"Oh," Bing explains, "my uncle's boat was grounded twenty years ago and he's always taking soundings to see if the water is high enough to float it again."

Just then the sound of music is heard on the radio. Bing holds up his hand for quiet just as Mary starts to say something. "This is a tune I've wanted to



Mary Martin and Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the River," which is described in detail for you.



Russell Hicks questions Henry Fonda, who has the title role, in "The Return of Frank James."

Alan Marshal, Loretta Young and Melvyn Douglas in the decidedly gay "He Stayed For Breakfast."

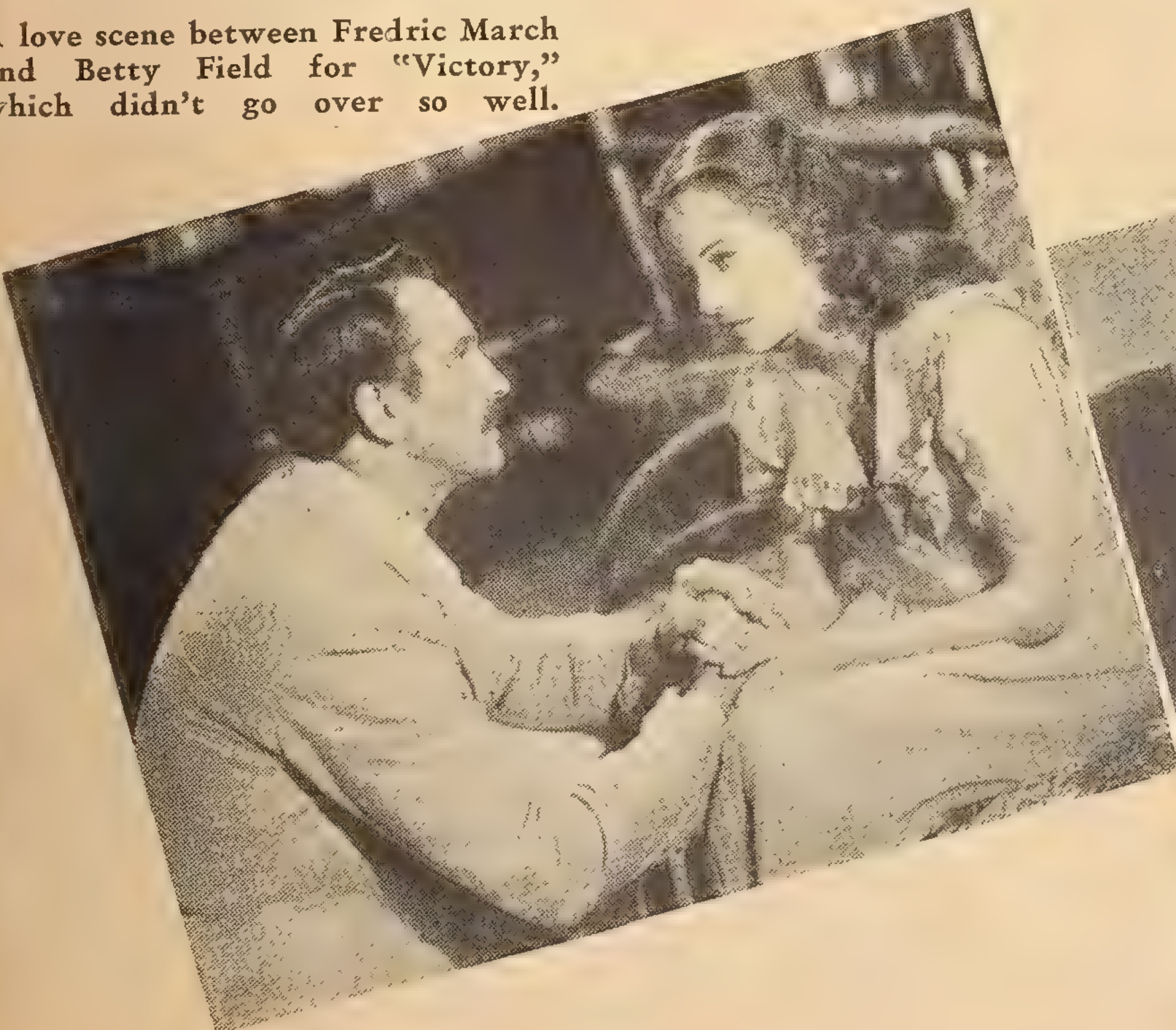


John Barrymore, appearing as himself, with Mary Beth Hughes, in "The Great Profile."

hea," he vouchsafes.
Well, naturally. It's a song he's written the music for and for which Mary has written the words. He wants to see how it goes.
"Oh, I just love that composer," Mary sighs.
"Isn't he a little old for you?" Bing inquires skeptically.

"Cut!" calls the director.
Mary is done up in a white outfit like a hybrid Eskimo-Finn. Just why I can't find out. But she looks radiant.
"Mr. C," I say to Bing in a complaining voice, but he cuts me off.
"Now, don't tell me you've been losing on my horses," he admonishes me, "because I'm not going to change trainers."
"It isn't the trainer that bothers me," it's my turn to confess. "I must admit I have lost money on them, but it isn't the trainer I object to. I think instead of a vet you ought to call in a hay-fever specialist. As far as I can figure out, your horses are allergic to money."
"Get out of here!" Bing bawls.

A love scene between Fredric March and Betty Field for "Victory," which didn't go over so well.



You may well imagine I'm not going to linger in the face of such a pressing invitation so I git.

* * *

AND when I stop "gitting" I find myself on a stage where a picture called "Victory" is shooting. Years ago, Richard Arlen and Nancy Carroll (remember her?) made this opus, but this time we have Fredric March and Betty Field playing the leads.

It's about a beachcomber in the South Seas who falls in love with a dance hall girl. But there's an insurrection—or something.

"I'm sorry about this," Freddie says to Betty.
"I'm not afraid—for myself," she returns hesitantly.
Freddie looks at her amazedly. And then a great light dawns. She's afraid for him!
"D'ya know," he replies slowly, "for the first time in my life I'm afraid of something—and it's not for myself."
And Freddie clasps her hands in his.

Heaven knows it seems a simple enough scene but the director, John Cromwell, isn't satisfied with the "take." They do it over and over and with each take the tension on the set grows. Once Freddie catches sight of me. "Hello—er—Dick," he mutters, but at a time like this anyone can be excused for forgetting a familiar face.

"Let's get out of here," I whisper to Kathleen Coghlan, who is making the rounds with me. "There'll never be any laughs here."

* * *

SO WE mosey on to what is called "The New York Street." That is what is known as a "permanent set." All studios have them. This one is a replica or reproduction of a New York street. Scripts frequently call for such a setting so the studio has erected one and it stands permanently. And, curiously, the picture that is shooting here today is called "The New Yorkers," starring Dick Powell and Ellen Drew. Neither of them are in the scene that is being shot. It is simply
[Continued on page 75]



Edward McWade and Edward G. Robinson in an important scene from "The Man From Fleet Street."



Topics For Gossip

[Continued from page 21]

line and "click" after "click" indicated that the Hall-Langford conversation had a full audience. The whole thing reached a comical climax when Jon told Frances over the phone that he was suffering from a cold and asked her to send him a remedy from his home medicine chest. The next day he received several letters from subscribers along the line, each suggesting remedies they considered far superior to the one he had asked for.

That photograph encased in the dashboard of Gary Cooper's *Deusenberg* is an enlarged portrait of his two-year-old daughter.

Dorothy Lamour has a new diamond lapel pin which fascinates all her friends. It's a little diamond clown whose arms and legs wiggle when she pulls a tiny chain. Dorothy is signing her autographs "Dottie

Lamour" now so that must mean that she wants to be called "Dottie."

With Jackie Cooper's boost in salary at Paramount for his very swell job on the Aldrich Family series, his folks have boosted his weekly allowance from \$15 to \$25. That's pretty meager spending money for a chap with as many girl friends as Jackie—but his family is determined not to spoil him.

"Besides, when he runs low on funds he can invite the girl friend home to dinner," says his mother. "We can always tell when the cash is getting low. Jackie will ask us if we want him to go to the movies with us. Yes, he goes around almost exclusively with his family near pay-day."

From the way things look now the Jimmy Stewart-Olivia de Havilland romance is on the wane. Jimmy has been seen at various night clubs recently without Olivia, and Olivia has been dating with Tim Durant, who was head man before Jimmy stepped in. But you never can tell.

Right out from under Irving Hoffman we snared the following tasty bit:

Bette Davis is telling the inside story on the telephone conversation she had with

Mischa Auer attempts the trick of twirling a cigarette thru the air and into the mouth for his wife. P. S. It really worked.

Top: Jackie Cooper, Eddie Bracken, Kay Stewart and Leila Ernst, the four young principals in "Life With Henry" (a Henry Aldrich yarn), get acquainted with Madeleine Carroll's amiable lion cub, "Safari." **Above:** Martha Raye does one of her hot dance specialties in "The Boys From Syracuse." **Right:** Alexander Hall, who worked out so well as Loretta Young's director in "The Doctor Takes A Wife" that Columbia hired him again to direct her in "He Stayed for Breakfast," chats with Loretta.



Charles Boyer when Warners arranged a three-way hook-up for added scenes in "All This, and Heaven Too." It took Warners three days to locate Boyer in New York. Finally, when he was found a telephone hook-up was set up with Bette in Honolulu, Boyer in New York, and Director Anatole Litvak in Hollywood. Bette got on the phone and greeted, "Hello, Charles." Boyer replied, "Bette, I'm awful busy. Please get in touch with me later."

"I have to be back in Hollywood by September. We're having a baby," is Vincent Price's line which killed St. Louis newspaper reporters when the actor appeared there in "The American Way."

"What do you mean 'we'?" the reporters chided him.

"I mean we," insisted Vincent. "I'm going to be right there."

Vincent will return to Hollywood from summer stock in time for the big event. The expected heir or heiress will be named "Barrett," after its mother, the famous stage actress, Edith Barrett.

Mary Astor is one star in Hollywood who doesn't mind admitting her age. Reason is that although Mary is only 34 she is celebrating her twentieth year in pictures, and she got so darned tired of having people tack on several years that she now insists on publicizing the truth. In her twenty years in pictures, Mary never has posed in a bathing suit. Which is some kind of a record.

Katharine Hepburn's back in Hollywood to appear in the screen version of her successful play, "Philadelphia Story," and the Hepburn stories, which are rarely flattering to Katie, have started again. It seems that the studio assigned her a special publicity man for the duration of the picture and he wrote her a very nice little note telling her how pleased he was to handle her publicity, how much he admired her as an actress, etc. He thought that would pave the way beautifully. Several days later he was introduced to her on the set.

"I am very happy to know you, Miss Hepburn," he beamed.

"You won't be when the picture's over," said Katharine casually.

Which reminds us of the time that one of Hollywood's biggest stars became a

Laraine Day has dated only Sydney Guilaroff, M-G-M hair stylist, since she's achieved popularity in Hollywood circles.



Above: It's nice work if you can get it! Director Raoul Walsh, of "They Drive By Night," shows limp and willing Ann Sheridan how he wants a kiss done for a certain scene. Left: An unusual shot of Richard Carlson surreptitiously giving his dog, "Stinky," a forkful at a recent steak roast given by he and his wife, Mona, who's in the background. Dick's latest is "The Ghost Breakers," with Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope. Below: Elizabeth Earle, cute little English lassie, appearing in "River's End," with Dennis Morgan.



rabid Hepburn fan after seeing her in "Alice Adams." The two girls were working on the same lot and one day the star saw Hepburn in the street below her dressing room window.

"Miss Hepburn," she called, "I've been wanting to meet you. I think you—"

"Well," said Hepburn, cutting her short, "now we've met." And walked away.

When Gene Markey left for the East recently and Hedy remained in Hollywood, all those old divorce rumors were started again. But as usual, without foundation. Gene had to go to Washington on legal business matters for the new picture he is to produce at Paramount, and Hedy had to stay at home to make tests for "The Ziegfeld Girl."

Lunchers at the Hollywood Brown Derby nearly fell in their cold consomme the other day when Lana Turner, Artie Shaw and Greg Bautzer all arrived to have lunch together. Who says that Hollywood isn't one big happy family? Or can it be that lawyer Bautzer is going to handle the Shaw divorce?

Betty Grable and her rhumba are the sensation of the moment at Ciro's. All the men about town promptly made desperate efforts to get Betty's phone number, but they sort of got discouraged when Alexis Thompson, her wealthy New York boy friend, arrived by plane to keep an eye on her.

None of this light lunch on a card table in the dressing room for Clark Gable. He eats a hearty lunch in the Metro commissary every day when he is working, and his presence rarely causes a flutter, except when there are tourists lunching

Right: It's rather difficult keeping your eye on the ball when playing tennis with RKO's Elaine Sheppard. Below: Virginia Weidler, in blue denim slacks and plaid shirt, with her horse, "Pancho," and pet dog, "Duke."



there. But the other day he went over to the RKO studio to have lunch with Carole and there was so much excitement in the commissary that things didn't get normal for hours. The waitresses became completely confused and people got soup who never ordered soup, and the poor RKO stars, who aren't appreciated on their home lot, got shoved around something awful. The studio may have to pass a rule that Lombard keep her husband in her dressing room.

Ah me, and alackaday, here's another of those heartbreak stories from the glamorous capital of make-believe. It seems that a little spider was found dead the other day on the set of "The Ghost Breakers." It had been strangled to death in a phony spider web which had been manufactured by studio technicians out of rubber cement, to simulate the real thing.

Robert Taylor will help support one of the 1205 underprivileged youngsters of the San Antonio Boys' Club for the forthcoming year. When the club received his donation it forwarded in return a glass egg mounted on an orange card. The card bears the inscription, "Robert Taylor is a good egg."

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 71]

where the "heavy" crushes to pieces a toy airplane of one of the East Side children. Once again take after take is necessary because the "heavy" is over-zealous and crushes the plane too soon.

Columbia

IT SEEMS there are a flock of pictures shooting here, too. First, there's—

"He Stayed For Breakfast," co-starring Loretta Young and Melvyn Douglas. I can't tell you what it is all about, but, apparently, Loretta and Alan Marshal are married and there is some funny business going on between Loretta and Mel because there she is in the living room with Marshal and Eugene Palette when the doorbell rings.

"Oh, I know who it is," Loretta assures them too quickly. It's Baron Durand—lives next door. He has a fixation, thinks every night is Hallowe'en and he goes around ringing everybody's doorbell.

"Poor fellow," Gene mutters and turns to Marshal: "You take care of your wife."

Alan pulls Loretta away and Gene opens the outer door.

"Don't come in, Paul," Loretta shrieks. "They have a gun!"

But Melvyn, the Brave, steps in anyhow. "Amateurs shouldn't play with guns," he admonishes them, and turns to Loretta: "Don't be frightened," he encourages her.

I wish you could see Loretta in the flesh for this scene instead of in black and white. Although the men are all in dinner jackets she is in what she calls a "house dress" although it looks like an evening gown to me. "Gee, you look beautiful," I enthuse.

"Isn't it a lovely thing?" she agrees. "Mr. Kallock whipped it up for me. It's a black chiffon over soufflé, lace over crepe."

It's all Greek to me, but the result is sure stunning.

* * *

I PROCEED to the next set which happens to be "The Lady in Question."

This one boasts the presence of Brian Aherne, Irene (*Grape Juice*) Rich, Rita Hayworth, Eddie Norris and Glenn Ford.

"Mr. Ford," Maggie Mascal, who is touring the lot with me vouchsafes, "comes from a VERY wealthy family."

"Then what's he doing in pictures?" I demand.

"He was brought up to earn his own living," she retorts severely.

If all the supposedly wealthy socialites who have come into pictures for no good reason except to satisfy their vanity were laid end to end we could drown them and it would be a good riddance to bad rubbish. If they would just come out and say, "I haven't any money and I think I have something to offer pictures and God knows pictures have something to offer me (*plenty of dough*) everything would be jake. But this socialite stuff gives me several pains. (*Are you listening, Miss Russell?*)"

Be that as it may, this scene is not of

vital importance. All the principals are marching into a church as the congregation is presumably singing a hymn.

20th Century-Fox

FROM my point of view (*if anyone is interested*) the most important picture shooting here is "The Great Profile," starring John Barrymore, who merely plays himself.

Evidently, he's a theatrical manager who has married a woman much younger than himself with theatrical aspirations and not much talent to back them up. When he won't cast her in a play, she takes a walk and the papers go to town. So he puts something in the papers that brings her to his office, boiling.

"Sylvia, my darling!" he breathes as they almost collide.

But his wife, Mary Beth Hughes, fails to share his enthusiasm. "Did you think you could get me back with a cheap, contemptible trick like this?" she shrieks, brandishing the paper at him.

"Trick?" John echoes, cut to the quick. "How can you talk like that after I stayed up all night looking for the part best suited to your talents?"

"H-m-m," mutters Miss H.

"I mean it," John protests, and quickly adds, "my darling, this play is for you and I can truthfully say it will do you justice."

Just then a door opens and they look around to see who is entering, and then Walter Lang (*the director*) calls "Cut!"

Barely outside of camera range is a man holding a blackboard with Mr. B's lines on them. Despite his years and years on the stage he cannot memorize lines, although he has another explanation. "Why should I bother memorizing lines when there are so many more important things to remember?" he queries. "I get the same results this way, as if I knew them by heart."

* * *

THE other picture out here is "The Return of Frank James," a sequel to "Jesse James." Henry Fonda again plays Frank and opposite him is a newcomer from New York named Gene Tierney. I hasten to add that Gene is a girl and about as attractive a girl as I have met in many a long day. Not only is she pretty, but also intelligent with a nice sense of humor.

Mr. Fonda, to whom I was introduced by Andy Devine (*when he first came to Hollywood*) as follows: "This is Dick Mook. He can be one of the sweetest people on earth if he likes you—and one of the worst heels imaginable when he doesn't"—keeps discreetly in the background. (*I might add that Mr. Fonda has not spoken to me since that libelous introduction—he's taking no chances.*) He is gabbing with Donald Meek when the director (*Fritz Lang*) calls him for a scene.

"I'm busy," says Henry and a howl goes up. Of course, even Lang, who I

regret to state hasn't much sense of humor, knows he's kidding and laughs.

The scene is Frank's trial and he is on the witness stand.

"You say you didn't kill the watchman Wilson?" Russell Hicks demands.

"No reason to," Fonda confides.

"You always need a reason for killing?" Mr. Hicks inquires sarcastically.

"Don't you?" Mr. Fonda counters pleasantly.

"I'm not on trial," Mr. Hicks reminds him curtly. "Your accomplice could've shot Wilson, couldn't he?" he goes on.

"Yeah—he could've," Henry agrees, "but—" as he notes a gleam of triumph in Russell's eyes—"he didn't. Wilson got shot from the outside."

They argue back and forth for quite some time, with Mr. Fonda, of course, always coming out on top (*because he is the hero*). In the end, he'll probably be killed, because the Hays office always insists on criminals getting what's coming to them.

And so-o-o, from here we go to—

M-G-M

ESCAPE," starring Nazimova (*who is the greatest actress I ever have seen, including Bernhart and Dusé*) and Norma Shearer. Miss Shearer's art withers and fades under the unsympathetic glance of strangers so the set is closed, but I'll guarantee you the picture will be well worth seeing if only because Nazimova is in it.

* * *

BUT there is still "Golden Fleecing," with Lew Ayres, Virginia Grey and Rita Johnson. Unfortunately for me, Virginia hasn't started working yet, but it's nice to know she is at last getting a good break on her home lot and one of these days she's going to be one of the biggest stars in the business, because she not only has looks, she can act circles around most of the ingenues in the business.

* * *

LAST on this lot is "Strike Up The Band," starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. This is adapted from a very successful stage play of a couple of years ago and you may depend upon it, any picture with these two heading a cast is good entertainment.

Warner Brothers

THERE are a lot of pictures shooting here, but three of them will have to wait until next month. Bette Davis is doing a particularly tense scene in "The Letter" and for the first time in all the years I've known her, her set is closed—but only for today and you'll hear about this picture later.

James Cagney isn't working today in "City for Conquest," so we'll let that wait, too, and John Garfield (*his first day before a camera in six months*) flips a lighted cigarette into his eye during a scene in "Flowing Gold," and the company has been dismissed until he recovers.

* * *

HOWEVER, there's "The Man From Fleet Street" in another of Warner

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Claudette's Like That

[Continued from page 23]

sympathetic, considerate and kind, fun-loving and gay, and as refreshingly wholesome as a sunrise in the desert—that's Claudette. If you get the idea that I like her a lot, you are so right.

Of course, I pretend to be as innocent as a nesting baby bird about the whole thing, but Claudette says that she has noticed that this beautiful friendship of ours may lag for long stretches, but the minute she starts a picture with an attractive male star it seems to take on a spurt and a glow. And if the attractive male star happens to be Clark Gable, it seems, according to Claudette, that I am so overcome by a sudden rush of friendship that I drop by the set practically every day to see her—and Gable. During the production of "Boom Town" it appears I couldn't have been friendlier.

Which brings us up to a paragraph I read in a popular national weekly magazine one morning recently. Said the item: "... some advance publicity for 'Boom Town,' and as far as we can see it is going to offer more riches and beauty than any film in history. There will be the combined charms of Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy, and Claudette Colbert. ... As if that weren't magnificent enough, the whole thing will culminate in a strip tease by Clark Gable, who is guaranteed by the management to take off his pants."

Well, when I read *that* my day was made. First, because Myrna Loy isn't in "Boom Town" at all (*it's Hedy Lamarr*), and it did my heart good to discover that those very fastidiously correct weekly magazines can confuse picture casts, too. It's a little something I've been doing for years, to the annoyance of my editors, but even I never confused a Myrna Loy with a Hedy Lamarr. And second, because if Clark Gable was going to do a Gypsy Rose Lee I wasn't going to miss it. I drove right through a couple of stop signals and nearly had a truck in my lap, but I made an all-time record for Culver City and the M-G-M studios.

Alas, girls, What-a-Man Gable does not do a strip tease. He merely appears in an old-fashioned union suit, the droopy kind, for one brief sequence, which wasn't quite brief enough for Clark as he was embarrassed as hell about the whole thing. Pleased, yet not pleased, if you know what I mean, I wandered over to the "Boom Town" set.

"Hello," said Claudette, "I haven't seen you since yesterday. You can stay and have lunch with me. Isn't it a pity Clark isn't working today? And you wore your new dress—and going in for red polish again I see." (*Those big eyes of La Colbert never miss a trick.*)

"I prefer to ignore your insinuations," I said haughtily. "And besides, you, a happily married woman, wouldn't understand about such things. As for lunching with you, if I had my choice of all the brilliant and charming men and women of history—Cleopatra, Salome, Alexander the Great, Helen of Troy, Don Juan, Madame Pompadour, Mark Antony, Marie Antoinette, and the Man in the Iron Mask—I would choose to have lunch with you."

"Ha," said Claudette who is so lacking in conceit that I often wonder *how* she ever became an actress. "You mean no one else asked you today. Relax."

That's the trouble with Claudette. You can't flatter her. She is simply allergic to flattery in all forms, and if you ever think you are going to put a fast one over on Colbert by a line of drip and droll you will find yourself sadly mistaken. Many a producer, director, writer and jewelry salesman has tried that and failed. She can detect a phony a mile away. Depressingly sincere herself she heartily dislikes insincerity and hypocrisy in others, but after seven years in Hollywood she has learned to cover up her distaste with a very disarming smile, if she doesn't know you very well. Rather than tell a lot of silly lies in the Hollywood tradition, and feign an enthusiasm for something she doesn't feel, Claudette just turns on her charming, disarming smile, and has discovered that it will get her out of any situation short of murder. Like a number of oil wells owned by my acquaintances, Claudette simply won't gush. She may not believe what you say, but you can definitely believe what she says. And after all, that is something.

How she has done as well as she has in the land of the gilded tongue I'm sure I don't know. But well she has done. She arrived in town in the midst of all the frenzied artificiality of the Glamour Period—a shy, unassuming, sensitive girl who was so self-conscious that she refused to go to Hollywood night clubs or parties for fear people would say, "Is *that* Claudette Colbert? Whatever made Paramount sign her. They must be crazy." Now she is accepted as one of Hollywood's social leaders and highest paid stars. One of the highest paid, yes, but certainly not one of the richest, for money goes through Claudette's fingers like so much sawdust. Her contributions to all charities are lavish. She cannot bear to read about, or see, humanity suffering. Immediately, the cool reserve and poise that she has built for herself, melts like ice in the sun, and she goes completely to pieces, but not until she has signed a few substantial checks. Emotions may be easy in Hollywood, but checks are not so easy. Since the invasion of her native France, Claudette has contributed so magnanimously to the poor refugees that I am sure that I will have to give her a benefit before long so she can get a square meal.

On her way up, Claudette lost most of her shyness and self-consciousness, though it still pops out occasionally, but she has never lost her sensitiveness, unfortunately, and like most sensitive people she goes out of her way to slap herself down. After the preview of one of her pictures Claudette, like all stars, reads her reviews—and always they are very flattering to Miss Colbert. Except one, perhaps. A reviewer for some little paper in the Middle West with possibly a hundred readers will write that in her new picture Miss Colbert stinks. Immediately, Claudette forgets all the wonderful things that the ace reviewers have written about her, all the

marvelous things that her friends and family have said, she forgets everything except that one little writer with his hundred readers. He suddenly becomes right, everybody else is wrong. She stinks. She knew it all the time. She worries, and worries, and worries. Times like that you want to kick her teeth in.

When she first started in pictures, someone—probably a Fuller brush man, or a postman, or a Western Union boy—told her that her right profile was bad. It isn't. Her friends, her family, and the leading directors and cameramen of Hollywood have been telling her for years that there is nothing wrong with it, but Claudette is fully convinced that there is (*though she couldn't tell you to save her life who told her that*), and she'll have scenes re-written and sets re-made so that she won't be caught with her wrong side.

Although she is known today as one of the gayest, most approachable actresses on a studio set there was a time when Claudette was considered cold and aloof with no sense of humor. Claudette had a sense of humor then, as she has now, but she was so busy being sensitive (*a laundress probably told her that people were talking about her*) and self-conscious that she never gave herself a chance to warm up. If the director of her picture moped on the set, Claudette immediately assumed that he was thinking, "Why did I get stuck with Colbert? Why didn't I get Bette Davis for this part?" Or if the leading man, suffering from a hangover no doubt, appeared morose Claudette was but positive he was saying to himself, "Why the hell didn't I do the picture at Metro? I could have had Crawford." She'd go to her dressing room and worry, and worry, and worry. She probably would have worried herself right out of pictures if that grand guy, Gregory La Cava, hadn't been assigned to direct her in "She Married Her Boss." La Cava knows an inferiority complex when he meets one out, even if it is all done up in Cellophane, so he started calling Claudette "The Fretting Frog." The company froze in its tracks the first time he called her that, fully expecting that Miss Colbert would go for his scalp. But she didn't, she laughed. And the next morning she had painted on her stage dressing room "The Fretting Frog's Puddle." From then on it was nip and tuck as to whom could be gayer, Colbert or La Cava.

People who work with Claudette are crazy about her. She's considerate, honest, and right down to earth, without even a dash of that prima donna chichi that so many of the glamour babes go in for. The various friends she had made at studios are not a matter of convenience with her, as most studio friendships are, but they remain her good friends through the years. She is as interested in them, and their problems today as she was the first year she met them. When they come to her for advice she doesn't soft soap them, she really takes the trouble to give them excellent advice.

Though she has become very social-minded these last few years (*she has finally decided that people might be discussing the weather and not her when she enters a room or a night club*) Claudette rarely gives out with a large party. She prefers to have six or eight congenial

people in for Saturday night dinner followed by a picture in her playroom. She is a very charming and gracious hostess though she has been known on occasions to upset glasses, even as you and I. Once Bob Benchley found a glass of rare old port in his lap, and, of course, her friends will never let her live down the night she sent half a broiler in the direction of a famous Ambassador who was quite delighted and made a pretty speech about it. But please don't get the idea that Miss Colbert isn't house-broken. I'd even match her against Emily Post.

Just the other day on the "Boom Town" set (*the picture is nearly over and I haven't gotten anywhere with Gable*), Claudette suddenly found herself surrounded by a group of Visiting Firemen who were oh-ing and ah-ing over her and making quite a fuss. "Isn't she sweet," cooed one of the ladies, as another beamed, "Miss Colbert, my husband and I just love you. We think you are the most beautiful star on the screen. You are just so beautiful we could eat you." "Thank you," said Claudette, "Thank you, so much."

"But we just wish you wouldn't wear bangs," continued the little lady.

Well, you know what happened. All afternoon Claudette kept asking me if I really thought her bangs were awful.

"Claudette," I screamed, "a million people like your bangs. They're part of you. What's one person against a million?"

But I wouldn't be the least surprised if in her next picture at Paramount, "Arise My Love," La Colbert appears without bangs. What can you do with a person like that!

Would You Have Lost Your Poise, Too?

[Continued from page 45]

Of course, she got over that. But the studio had to soothe her pretty vigorously and you can be certain of one thing. Annie has never gone out since in a frock which was delivered on the afternoon of any function. She previews a dress a day or two in advance, to make sure that it will function whether she is sitting, standing, dancing or playing leap frog.

Errol Flynn may never have been daunted by a typhoon or a wild boar, but he suffered a slight jolt the time he took a sack of live lobsters home and informed the Filipino cook that there would be guests for dinner. After the guests had arrived, Errol went to the kitchen for a quick look. The room was knee deep in crawling, indignant crustaceans and there was a note from the cook.

"I do not like these animals," it said, succinctly. "So I have went."

He had "went" so far that he hasn't been heard of since and there was Host Flynn with a houseful of hungry guests and dinner still not only on the hoof, as it were, but in a really dangerous mood. So-o-o, he pulled his vaunted poise together, what was left of it, closed the kitchen door, put a chair against it and took his guests to a restaurant at the beach where the lobsters had learned repose.

Clark Gable has done some Nature facing, too, and has had a lot of years of trouping. But nothing had prepared him for the situation which arose when a piece of scenery fell on him and he heard that awful ripping sound and found himself without his trousers in front of five hundred delighted extras to say nothing of a raucous cast and crew. Not only that. Unsympathetic blokes began cracking wise at once about the Gable knees.

What does a seasoned trouser do under these circumstances? Smile? Toss it off with an airy gesture? Not this seasoned trouser. He turned tail and ran for cover and wasn't seen again for hours. And when he did return to the set he was distinctly unsociable. Maybe next time he'll merely bow and say something witty and appropriate. But those things take time and thoughtful preparation.

But there is always that fiendish little chance which may wreck the best laid plans, the most carefully prepared costume, the most thoroughly rehearsed smile. And, doggone it, the candid camera boys are almost a cinch to be right there when it happens and pictures of your embarrassing moment appear in papers and magazines all over the country. Think of

the tragedy of it all when they caught Connie Bennett and a sartorial rival wearing identical costumes at a premiere! Or the thing that happened the other day when they snapped the exquisite Dolores Del Rio at the races just as the wind lifted her skirts above her millinery! Of course, not every girl has such cute little lace ruffles on her underneath.

It begins to appear that poor Bob Taylor never will live down his most embarrassing moment which occurred when he was still comparatively new in pictures. It was one of his early scenes with Garbo in "Camille." He was suffering pretty acutely from stage fright. He was so anxious to prove what a good trouser he was.

The scene called for him to carry Miss Garbo to a divan. And—he dropped her. Splat! There was an appalled silence, broken a moment later by a cascade of giggles from Garbo herself who hadn't been damaged a bit and who seemed to find it all very funny.

But the really awful part was that the camera was turning and recorded the whole thing. What was more, the still man on the set also made two or three fine, clear shots of the episode. And Bob seems destined to be haunted by photographic records of his Awful Moment for the rest of his life. Why, only the other evening he and Barbara were entertaining friends and Bob whipped out a very special reel of film he had got from somewhere having to do with the Finnish war zone and people were gasping at the mixture of horror and beautiful scenery—when suddenly it faded out and something faded in—and there was Bob, with Garbo in his arms, letting her slip to the floor with a plop.

He doesn't know yet what wag had neatly spliced that film to his stirring record of war in the snow. But he was nearly as disconcerted at its sudden appearance on a screen in his own home as he was on the set the day it happened!

It's bad enough just to remember embarrassing moments! But to have them leap out at you, with sound effects, from a motion picture screen at odd moments, well, it's really too much and if you hear some day that Bob has taken a good poke at someone and hasn't told why—you'll know the reason.

And speaking of Dolores Del Rio as we were just a minute ago, she rather fancies herself as a cook and is given to concocting a monumental casserole of macaroni and cheese and a good many

other things which she duly serves to guests at Sunday evening suppers. She spent hours the day before measuring and stirring. On Sunday evening the thing is put into the oven to heat. Imagine then her feelings when she went to the kitchen for a last fond peep at her creation before it was put into the oven—and found four lively kittens having a beautiful game with her *piece de resistance*. Two of them submerged in cheese-y goo and two others frolicking on the floor with long strands of macaroni.

Ah, me! These domestic tragedies do take it out of a person—even an experienced trouser like Dolores.

And anyone who glimpsed Jeffrey Lynn last week at his birthday party at Ciro's and thought that he was looking a bit flustered were quite right! Here's how that happened.

Jeff was dated to escort a particularly luscious lovely to the party and he really spread himself and dented his pocketbook for orchids to adorn her shoulder. He was late getting away from the studio and barely had time to rush home, dress, seize the box of flowers from the ice box and dash to the girl's home. No one told him that a second box had been delivered from the florist that day. . . .

He thought she took rather a long time when she disappeared into the bedroom to pin on her bouquet. When she came out at last she was wearing a single, wee cornflower and a rather strange expression. She had a card in her hand.

It developed that a friend had, for a gag, sent the cornflower to Jeff's house in an elaborate florist's box and had enclosed a raucous, not to say rude, birthday greeting. Jeff, of course, had picked up the wrong box. There were explanations, of course, and Jeff stopped at a florist's and made the orchids good. But he had a good deal of trouble explaining the card which had accompanied the cornflower. He didn't get over his flutter that evening. I'm afraid the luscious lovely didn't spare him. . . .

You see?

They may work their pretty fingers to the bone and practice their diction and learn to smile and bow and pass teacups and make gracious curtain speeches. But prankish old Fate will trip them up now and again. And when she does you'll find that they blush just as furiously as Junior did when he dropped the teacup he was handing to the mother of the Only Girl.

"A Man Doesn't Talk About That Sort of Thing"

[Continued from page 25]

Well, I've seen them together, for one thing. And my eyes, though blind, would not have deceived me. And then, I thought back to the Brian Aherne, B.J. (*before Joan*) . . . to Aherne, the restless, Aherne, the mercurial, the bird of passage, the migratory; Aherne, who would never sign a term contract in Hollywood lest his questing spirit be chained; Aherne, who never owned a house, but made his bed where it pleased him, under the Alpine stars, in Italy in the Spring; Aherne who was, he admits, "always in love," but always a refugee from the final vows of love; Aherne who knew the most brilliant and intriguing women of several continents, who has worked with Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Merle Oberon, Olivia de Havilland, Madeleine Carroll and (*B.J.*) dated most of them. . . . Aherne who, in the end, gave his freedom into the hands of a child of twenty-two. That *is* love!

And I said so. And I added, "you must have had reasons for falling in love. And you are too analytical of mind not to have analyzed your reasons. . . ."

"You are determined to get your story, aren't you?" laughed Brian, and his eyes, so preoccupied with scenes, not of the tender passion, lighted for the first time, "well, let's say it was because of the books Joan took with her on our honeymoon. . . ."

"Books?"

"Books," beamed Brian. "We drove to a charming spot in the northern part of the State. When I helped Joan out of the car. I saw she had two books with her. They were *Etiquette* by Emily Post and the *Oxford Dictionary*!"

Brian laughed, a lusty, lover's laugh. He said, "I call Joan the Etiquetterian. She is, you know. She dotes on Emily Post. Everything, with Joan, must be just so. The table, the linen, the glassware, the service. She's a great grammarian, too, always correcting my grammar . . . we have a lot of fun, in the household, trying to trip her up. Recently, for the first, last and only time, we succeeded. Olivia had a birthday. We gave her a birthday dinner at home. Joan went out to the pantry to inspect things before dinner was announced. She found there were only 21 candles on the cake and Olivia was 23!!! She spoke to Frank about it, Frank being my Filipino man, and my shadow. Frank said, 'No Madam, there should not be 23 candles on the cake, the Blue Book says there should never be more than 21!' We had a wonderful time over that! A skirmish won . . . but, actually, we live at the same pace, Joan and I. I, too, like the little formalities, like to dress for dinner, and do, we both do, always, even when we dine alone. I like the right wine with the right course. I, too, like the service to be impeccable. Yes, we live at the same pace and that is so important. . . ."

"Then there are the surprises . . . the surprises of life with Joan. Christmas, for instance, *what* a surprise she gave



Lana Turner seems scared stiff or something as Director Harold Bucquet gives her instructions for a tense scene in "To Own The World."

me! We planned to give a party . . . 'leave it all to me,' said Joan. I was working at the time, making 'My Son, My Son.' It didn't seem to me to be necessary for me to do anything about it, anyway, all we wanted was a bit of holly, you know. I didn't realize what I had got on my hands, you know . . . I found out," Brian smiled, "I'm finding out. But at the time, I would come home after work and every night for weeks Joan would meet me at the door, solicitously, saying, 'poor darling, you must be so tired, wouldn't you like dinner in bed?' Now I was not *that* tired and I said so, most decidedly. But one way or another she would maneuver me upstairs and we would dine in my library, or in her boudoir. One day my secretary said to me, with tears in her eyes, 'This party, Mr. Aherne, *everything hangs on this!*' Whereupon, she burst into entirely uncharacteristic sobs and left the room. Come, come, I thought, what's all this fuss about a bit of holly? Women, I thought, get rather emotional over Christmas, that must be it. . . . Came Christmas Day, the guests began to arrive and, for the first time in weeks, I was permitted the freedom of the first floor and went into the living room. Delusions, I thought, I am having delusions, I *am* overworked, as Joan has said, I am frighteningly over-tired . . . for everything in the living room was changed, the furniture, the lamps, the rugs, the color scheme, the ornaments, *everything!* I saw Joan, with that blue-green light in her eyes, watching me. . . . I heard my secretary's voice saying, 'everything hangs on this party. . . .' I knew that I was expected to be overcome and, perhaps, for the first time in my life, I not only lived up to great expectations, I exceeded them! But even if I hadn't been," grinned

Brian, "there wasn't much I could do about it, since most of the guests were there. . . ."

"But," I was guilty of interruption, "you fell in love before all this, after all, before the honeymoon, I mean. . . ."

"Yes, but more after the honeymoon," said Brian, "more and more all the time. Which is as it should be. For love is, or should be, a growing thing. No, it wasn't love at first sight, second or third sight, perhaps. We met at a concert in the Hollywood Bowl. We were in the same box, guests of Pierre Monteux. Yes, I had seen Joan on the screen before I met her, once, in 'Damsel in Distress.' No, I am sorry, I did not fall in love with her shadow. I am," smiled Brian, "a touch beyond such adolescent fervours. I did not make truth stranger than fiction by saying to my heart, 'Be still, this is she!' I knew Olivia and I thought, merely, this is Olivia's little sister. . . . But at the concert we found that we loved the same music. After the concert, we were separated by the crowd, I walked down the hill ahead of Joan, looked back and saw her coming toward me. I remember feeling a very pleasant sense of familiarity, much as though someone I had cared for very deeply for a very long while was coming back to me again . . . it was really rather nice. Later, I learned that she had had the same feeling. . . ."

"Then I gave a cocktail party for Pierre Monteux. Miss Fontaine was among my guests. We were 'Miss Fontaine' and 'Mr. Aherne' to each other for quite a time. At the party we talked. We laughed a great deal. I remember thinking that I couldn't remember ever having laughed so much. We roared with laughter, we still do. Joan was talking about a date she was keeping. I suggested 'what about a date with me? Next Wednesday? Next Thursday?'"

"Both," said Joan.

"I liked that. It was the frankness of a young boy in a young girl, very intriguing. . . ."

"And 'both' it was. One night we went to the Cocomanut Grove. We danced. We kept step perfectly. It was really rather nice. The next night Joan came to my house for dinner. We talked about everything, about things I hadn't supposed a young girl would be interested in. I like that. We took a drive that night, to the beach. A familiar drive to the familiar beach became an unfamiliar experience, an adventure. . . ."

"I was rather caught out, wasn't I?" laughed Brian, "for I meant what I said that time, about not marrying an actress, you know. I still mean it. I still think it's a great mistake for any man to marry an actress, unless—he has the luck to marry Joan. And as he can't have that luck, since I have it, then I go on record as saying it is a great mistake."

"Now, again, you are going to ask me the 'whys' . . . but the 'whys' are as various as Joan herself. It's because Joan *is* various, that's the 'why.' It's because she



Lady in waiting

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is a wonderful combination of mind and heart. Very rare qualities, these, to be twin in one young girl. It's because she has an adult intelligence. I still like nothing better in the world than to sit down and talk with her. We enjoy the same literature, the same music, the same friends. I never miss men friends when I am with Joan, because she has the detached masculine viewpoint, made finer and more perceptive by the famed intuition of her sex. She has a terrific *joie de vivre* so that things that might have grown stale are stale no longer. It is an adventure to Joan to read a new book, to play a game of ping-pong, to go on a picnic and because it is adventure to her, I, too, am caught up in it . . . and she shares adventure with me. As when, recently, I flew my plane from Washington, D. C., to Hollywood. We met up with bad head winds, we were pretty well buffeted about . . . Joan acted as my navigator and we shared the flight together, 'man to man.' . . . It is because she is both clinging and courageous, dependent and independent. She is a real wife . . . she takes care of everything a wife should take care of, the house, the servants, the garden, the planning of meals, the service. And in her work, she stands on her own feet, has carved her own career with 'Rebecca' as all the testimonial she needs. It is because she is extremely sensitive. I have to be very careful with her and a man prizes highly what he must delicately cherish. It is because she is young and inexperienced and so appreciative of anything I do for her or give her. In fact, she will not allow me to give her half of what I want to give her. It's a wonderful thing," said Brian, thoughtfully, "to have someone to whom you can give and *can trust with the things you give*. I do not mean," he added, "only *material things*. . .

"All these qualities I imagined in her, almost at once. And all the things I imagined have come true. But what is more important, I can keep on imagining things about her because she is provocative of wonder. . . .

"I didn't, for instance, realize what an actress I had on my hands. When we married, I didn't want her to work at all. I didn't think she would continue to work, or did she. Then the script of 'Rebecca' followed us on our honeymoon and . . . well," Brian smiled, "she *is* an actress. We are both actors. Joan's step-father has been urging us, recently, to buy a ranch, to have producing acreage so that if, or when the collapse comes, we will be safe. But we are not ranchers, Joan and I, we know nothing about ranching, we argue, *we are actors*. And, if the collapse comes, we would be more in character if we bought a tent and took it around and gave shows . . . people would always give us lunch. So, I realize now what an actress she is . . . of what calibre and quality. And more and more I realize how wrong it would be for a person of her temperament to give up her means of expression. She is too highly strung and a girl like that needs an outlet. She is very imaginative, she is not a house frau by nature and she should have her work.

"I wonder, now, what I have been doing all these years. I know, now, that I was lonesome before. Perhaps, that is yet another reason. It's very hard to be a bachelor in Hollywood. Oddly enough, there are very few eligible attractive, interesting women. And if you do have dates, friendships, there is no possibility of a normal relationship, the columns and Dame Gossip see to that.

". . . and I have another reason for you. . . . I recall the first time Joan came to the house after we were engaged. It

was the first house I'd ever bought, ever owned. I bought it for an investment and because I was getting rather tired of not being able to buy a book or a picture because of nowhere to put them. I had just finished the house, just finished decorating and furnishing and had settled down with a sigh of exhaustion and relief. Well, there sat Joan and I saw her eyes begin to wander. . . . I had a horrid premonition and, at the same moment, realized that I had lived in houses all my life and had never noticed anything at all . . . then Joan said, speculatively, 'the drapes in here, brown, I think, soft off-brown' . . . 'oh,' I said, 'really, *do* you think so, with this blue carpet?' . . . 'oh, but the carpet isn't going to be blue, darling,' said my bride-to-be. And then I knew.

"My room," said Brian, laughing, "my room is the only room in the house left as it was. Not as it *should be*, mind you, I know that, but as it was. I had to insist on that one corner, just for the principle of the thing.

"I said it was a reason, another reason why I fell in love with Joan. It was. For as she sat there, mentally tearing my handiwork to pieces, literally planning to pull my house down around my ears, I felt very tender about it, very tender toward her. . . ."

I thought, I have got my—

"I'm sorry I couldn't give you the kind of thing you wanted," Brian was saying, dispensing with the check, preparing to go back to Columbia's 'The Lady In Question' (formerly 'It Happened In Paris'). "I can only say there's no use having theories about life, certainly none about love. If I *could* tell you why I fell in love with Joan, I would be delighted, but men can't talk about that sort of thing, and—"

—my story, I completed my thought.

The Problem of Sharing a Husband!

[Continued from page 26]

store for a soda. Pasted on the fountain's mirror were a half dozen pictures of Linda. A large vase of fat pink roses stood beneath one. I noticed the soda clerk was more than attentive to our Darnell.

"Imagine that being me?" Linda laughed, referring to the Darnell art gallery. "A couple of years ago I was writing to Hollywood for autographed pictures of all of my favorite movie stars. And after that talent scout came to Dallas, Texas, and sent me to Hollywood for my first screen test, and I was sent back home because I was too young, why I'd save every nickel I could get to get new pictures made of me to send to Darryl Zanuck in Hollywood—so he would re-discover me.

"When I was a little girl," she confided further, "my parents thought it would be educational to take me on a long trip—to see historic points and places of interest in America. We were gone two months. An uncle gave me five dollars for candy and gum for my vacation. But I spent almost every nickel of it buying movie magazines. On the trains I kept my nose buried in them and didn't see half of the scenery.

"I always dreamed about being a movie star," Linda continued over her chocolate soda. "I perused the interviews and I'd mark down every statement an actress gave as the contributing factor for her film success. I just had to be a movie star! It was my one great ambition.

"I'd spend hours before the mirror registering expression. I guess I was pretty melodramatic for when I finally did come to Hollywood they told me to act natural and forget about my self-trained acting.

"I sometimes think I must have been the world's most enthusiastic movie fan," she laughed.

The clerk refused Linda's money for the sodas. "It's wonderful advertising for our business, you coming in here," he said. But Linda left a couple of dimes on the counter. Later, I learned the clerk kept them as special souvenirs.

One morning we joined Tyrone Power, who plays Linda's screen sweetheart, and Annabella, Tyrone's wife, who was on the location trip with him, because they're so much in love, they can't be apart; and Mary Astor, who plays Brigham's first wife, all sitting on the sidelines, watching a sequence being filmed.

Brigham Young, played by Dean Jagger, was calling his followers to prayer, for the grasshoppers were devouring their crops and they were faced with starvation in the wilderness.

"We've been discussing how it really would have been to have lived in 1847 and had to share our husbands," Linda announced as we joined the circle. "I said if I'd had to share my husband I'd have been favorite wife, at least."

In the picture, Linda plays a proud little beauty, as she actually would be, rebelling against polygamy, although in love with Tyrone, who is scout in Brigham Young's party.

"Supposing you were forced to live the marriage idea of Brigham Young's group," said Mary Astor, who has the mature viewpoint of a woman who's had several years' experience of married life.

"Let us assume, Linda, that you were your husband's first wife, like I am in the picture. Then after a year, with you, he tells you he is going to marry another girl. In a few days, he brings home a new bride. You all dine at the same table. You watch your husband bestow affection on this freshly beautiful thing. As the

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She can't sit down! Movie stars rest by reclining against padded leaning-boards . . . to avoid wrinkled skirts. And to avoid "tell-tale" bulges, glamorous women of Hollywood do just what most American women do . . . choose Kotex sanitary napkins! For Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show . . . the way stubby-end napkins do.



Save your sympathy! That skyline is a painted backdrop . . . that parapet only thirty inches off the studio floor! For safety of the stars is of major importance to movie makers. And *your* safety is of major importance to the makers of Kotex! That's why a moisture-resistant "*protection-panel*" is placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad.



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CHECK UP ON YOUR APPEAL!

(Mark "yes" or "no" to these 8 questions—then learn your score from the answers on the opposite page.)

YES

NO

1

Do busy young men hold open the doors in public buildings for you?

2

When you buy a new hat, does the salesgirl assure you that it looks "youthful"?

3

Do you ever have to be introduced to the same man twice?

4

Do your "blind dates" say you're a knockout at the beginning of the date, but forget your name before the evening's out?

5

Are you versatile? Can you play a hard game of tennis with Tom in the afternoon and be Dick's glamorous dancing partner in the evening?

6

Does forgetting your powder compact on an important date throw you into a panic?

7

Do you ever go to bed with stale make-up on?

8

Do men ever tell you that you remind them of their favorite flower?



SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR

*Good
Fair
or Terrible*

NEWS

years pass, he continues marrying new and beautiful girls. Perhaps, you've been tied down with several children. Perhaps, you're getting older and are not so attractive. You see your husband bringing girls home ten years younger than you are—girls vivacious and pretty. What would you do? Would you try to make him get rid of his wives—or fight to keep him to yourself?"

"I would naturally want to tear their hair—and his, too, at first," philosophized Linda, who admits her lovely, large dark brown eyes match a bit of jealousy that could easily flame if provoked.

"But I'd be a good actress. I'd be acting a part all of the time. I'd change with his moods. When I saw his interest lagging and his eyes turning in another direction, I'd assume a new role. I'd be like the other wife and keep him interested in just me.

"Too," she added, "I'd ignore the fact that there were other wives. I'd just pretend they didn't exist and live in a world that concerned only my husband and myself. It's up to a woman's ingenuity, it seems to me, if she remains the most important factor in her husband's life."

Over box lunches under the big trees, a short distance from where the grasshopper sequence was being filmed, Linda confided: "Annabella certainly knows how to share her husband with all of Tyrone's fans—and still have his complete adoration and attention.

"Before I came to Hollywood, I had the walls of my bedroom covered with his pictures. He was my favorite actor. Just imagine breaking into pictures and playing with him the first thing on the screen! Sometimes, I want to pinch myself and see if I'm not Cinderella.

"I told Annabella that I'd had a regular school girl crush on Tyrone! She laughed and said she hoped all of the girls had. She's terribly proud of Tyrone's screen importance. You see how clever she is. She doesn't try to monopolize him, even though she's married to him. Tyrone, knowing this, is more than attentive to her."

Linda doesn't seem like an actress to talk to or to be with. Rather she's like the movie fan she claims to be, who has found herself in pictures earning the unbelievable sum of five hundred dollars a week and seeing her name on the theatre marquees—all in the short space of less than two years.

"That girl just bends over backwards to please everyone and be accommodating," a studio set worker told us. "The company here on location doesn't work on Sundays. We only have a couple of stand-by cars here. Instead of Linda ordering one of the cars for her personal use all day Sunday, which she is entitled to, she made out a schedule and divided the day so that everyone could enjoy a ride. She only took an hour for herself. Few stars are like that. She doesn't expect a lot of attention, but waits on herself and seems to really appreciate anything anyone does for her."

There was a Saturday night dance during our stay. Linda had been invited, but she'd elected to sit on the porch in slacks and a sweater and sing and tell stories with the members of the company and eat candy bars. Linda doesn't smoke

nor drink, but always has candy with her. About ten o'clock a little car drove up with some high school boys and girls. They begged Linda to go to the dance—even if for only an hour. Everyone, it seemed, just wanted to be able to say they'd been to a party where Linda Darnell had been. So Linda, whose stardom is still so new that any special attention thrills her, went along.

In Hollywood, Linda lives in a small cottage with her family. To date there are no servants and Linda often does her share of washing dishes and other household tasks, when she's between pictures. Should any of her fans call her, they'd probably be surprised to hear her answer the telephone herself. And usually there are some of her school girl friends from Dallas visiting with her. Linda is quite modest in presenting them to other important stars on her lot. She still has the movie-fan complex towards Alice Faye and Don Ameche. Usually, she first asks their permission, before presenting her school friends, who are in awe of an Alice Faye, without apparently realizing their Linda is now becoming equally important on the Fox lot.

Before I left Utah, Linda took me to visit with a sweet little white haired Mormon lady she'd discovered. She'd been one of several wives of a Mormon bishop. Linda admitted that she had spent many evenings listening to her relate stories of the early day Mormon pioneers.

"I was a very young child when I crossed the plains with my parents in a covered wagon," she told Linda and I as we sat at her knee. "I came in a company long after the first pioneers arrived.

"Salt Lake City was pretty well built up then. But my mother told me much about Mary Ann Young, Brigham's second wife. We were all raised to look up to her and respect her. She married Brigham after the death of his first wife, and became a mother to his two little daughters. She raised them and bore him a large family of her own, besides.

"Shortly after Mary Ann married Brigham, he being a leader and venturesome type, volunteered to go with the Mormons to take supplies to the mob-persecuted Mormons in Missouri. During the six months of his absence, she supported herself and took care of her two step-daughters.

"And when he returned he brought a new wife with him. You see, the Mormons were being wiped out by the mobs. The leaders took plural wives chiefly to care for the widows and to increase the Mormon people as rapidly as possible and strengthen their numbers. Brigham told her that the plan was actuated entirely by religious motives and that he really loved her dearly.

"Now if that had been me," interrupted Linda, "I can imagine that I would have been very indignant. I'd have wept bitter tears."

"But of course," said the little pioneer lady, "our people were deeply religious and believed completely in their leaders. Non-believers ridiculed Mary for putting up with a husband, who in their opinion had, if not cast her aside, relegated her to second place in his household. Some said she was little better than a servant,



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"Lovely Menace"

RATING

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE		Your Score
1	Yes? Then you must have that radiant complexion men notice right away! If you must push your own doors, try daily Pond's treatments to soften blackheads, make pore openings less noticeable . . . give a fresh, glowing look!	20 for Yes 0 for No
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3	We hope not! You should make such an indelible impression at the first meeting that the poor fellow can't get you out of his head. And here's a pointer—nothing about a girl makes such a thrilling, lasting impression as a lovely, fresh Pond's complexion.	10 for No 0 for Yes
4	If "yes," notice that end-of-date letdown is often the fate of the poor girl who looks "greasy" as the evening wears on. Warning: Before make-up, remove all cleansing cream and excess oiliness of skin with Pond's Tissues. They're softer, stronger, <i>more absorbent!</i>	10 for No 0 for Yes
5	You're no smarter than you <i>look!</i> While wielding the racket, protect your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Before the dance this cream will "de-rough" your skin in a trice!	10 for Yes 0 for No
6	It shouldn't—and won't if you've used Pond's Vanishing Cream. Gives skin a soft finish that holds make-up for ages. Hates a shiny nose worse than you do!	10 for No 0 for Yes
7	You're a silly girl if you do. That's the <i>worst</i> beauty crime you can commit! Every night: Pat in gobs of Pond's Cold Cream. Mop up with Pond's Tissues. Finish with Vanishing Cream for overnight softening.	20 for No 0 for Yes
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keeping house and bearing his children. All of us Mormon women have heard like inferences. But we followed our beliefs and schooled our true feelings. Naturally, we were women, human and with hearts and emotions like any other women. But we had to acquire patience and understanding."

"I really don't see how a woman could have had much pleasure or romance out of such a marriage," Linda sighed. "But if it had happened to me—if I'd been a lone girl in that pioneer band going out in the wilderness to found a new world—and knew there were no prospects of a husband, because there were no men in Utah except Indians and I wanted a husband and a family, I suppose I might have been grateful for a Brigham Young

to have given me the protection of a home, rather than to have lived forever alone. I'd have sacrificed my own happiness, I know. But I'd have connived to become his favorite wife."

When we were alone together, I asked Linda if she expected to marry an actor some day; if she'd continue in pictures after her marriage; if she would marry a wealthy or a poor man and above all would she share her career with a husband.

"It really wouldn't make much difference to me, whether I marry a professional or a boy not in pictures," she replied. "The important thing is that I want to be very much in love. And I don't care whether he's rich or poor. I'd just as soon marry a truck driver if I loved

him, as I would a great actor like Tyrone Power. The important thing is that I want to be in love and whether I live in a vine-covered cottage or a 24-room house in Bel-Air won't be too important.

"After I've made a success of my career, I'd not only share it with a husband, I'd probably give it up entirely for him. That is, if I really loved him enough.

"I don't think I could stand sharing my husband if he were the man I really loved," admitted Linda. "Brigham Young's wives were remarkable. But it still doesn't seem fair to me. And this being 1940, that is something I'll never have to do—share my husband, that is, if and when I get one!"

And looking at Linda that shouldn't be at all difficult.

Small Town Boy

[Continued from page 49]

one of those born actors who manages to put something into a performance even though he'd never had one hour's instruction or seen a professional play in his life. And besides being an acting fool Bob had the looks to make Hollywood history. Not too handsome, as stars go, but so tall and straight and engagingly boyish that he was destined to set feminine hearts fluttering, be it in this small town in Wisconsin or in any of the world capitals to which a strip of celluloid would eventually carry his image.

The talent scout hadn't made a mistake in wiring his studio. He knew that when he saw Bob's screen test. And every woman in Hollywood knew it, too.

I'd heard so much about him I was more than ordinarily curious when I went to interview him that first time. When he came dashing into the living room of his suite at the hotel, dropping the bundles he was carrying helter skelter as he came, apologizing for his tardiness in keeping his appointment, though he was only ten minutes late and telling me with that thoroughly engaging boyish grin of his that he'd been buying up practically all the stores along Hollywood Boulevard out of his first pay check, I thought the whole thing had been worked out in the publicity office for my benefit.

"Hmmmmmm, Hollywood must have decided sophistication is going out and naivety coming in," I thought grimly and began making mental notes on what a monkey I'd make out of him in my story. A kidding story is so much easier to do than a serious, down-to-earth job. Taking an actor or actress over the jumps is so easy it always seems a shame to take the money. But we fan writers have an unwritten law never to do it unless the subject is absolutely poisonous. So, we protect the real people and save our stilettos for the phonies. And Bob Wood was a phony. I was convinced of that.

"Look," he was saying. "What do you think of this?" And he tore the paper off a box and held up the most atrocious silk negligee I'd ever seen. "I got it for Mom. She always wanted one and will she get a kick out of it!"

As I sat there, afraid to trust myself to speak, he began talking about the girl. Her name was Madge and he missed her terribly.

"Not that we're in love or anything like that," he explained hastily. "That's the swell part of it. We're pals. You know, she's the only person back home who didn't laugh at me for being stage struck. She used to come over after dinner and we'd get books of plays out of the library and she'd coach me in different parts. And I could tell her about the things I wanted to do and it wasn't only that, she'd listen to me. She'd set me right about things. Like the time I drew a picture of a house I wanted some day and she pointed out how wrong it was.

"Look Bob," she said and she wasn't being superior or anything like that. Just sincere. 'You've got Spanish and Georgian and Colonial architecture all mixed up together and it wouldn't be good at all. You'd hate it. Now if you change this and this you'd have what you want, but it would be right and lovely, too.'

"You know, the way she did it was so nice. Not as if she was telling me anything, only making suggestions. But the best part of it was the way she acted, as if she really believed I'd have that house and all the other things I wanted some day. She'd believe it even when I doubted myself. And that's an awful help to a guy, isn't it?"

Suddenly, I knew he wasn't putting on an act. This incredibly naive boy was real. And with the realization came a liking for the boy, an affection I've always felt since. He was a nice kid. And just as quickly as my liking came, I was afraid for him.

For I remembered Charlie Ray when he first came to Hollywood. He was just as naive, just as nice a kid as Bob. That was what ruined him in the end. I remembered the house he built with the solid gold plumbing fixtures that Hollywood laughs about even today, though now the laugh is tempered with sympathy for a boy who went down in the maelstrom of quick riches.

"Why don't you send for Madge and marry her right away," I suggested, for the things he had told me about her showed a level-headed quality that would be good for him. "You need a girl like that."

"Oh, but you've got it wrong," the boy protested. "Madge and I don't feel that way about each other. Why I've even

told her about girls I've gotten crushes on and she's been just as helpful about that as she has about other things. We're friends, that's all."

He showed me a snap shot of him and Madge then, taken at a Sunday school picnic. She was looking up at him and suddenly I felt sorry for her. Bob might not be in love with her, but there was no doubt that she was in love with him. It showed in her candid eyes that could never hide an emotion, in her mouth so wide and generous and tender. She was a pretty girl with her curly blonde hair blowing in the wind so it looked like a lopsided halo, with her pert, tilted nose and heart-shaped face. But her eyes and mouth were the eyes and mouth of a girl that love could hurt. They were so vulnerable.

"I wish she were here though," he said. "Gosh, I need her. She's always so smart about things and I feel I need someone like that around right now. I'm all at sea about things."

"Why don't you make her your secretary," I suggested. "You'll be needing one, you know."

He looked at me as if I were all the great brains of the world rolled into one.

"That's a great idea," he said. "I'm going to write her tonight." Then he grinned. "No, I'm not. I'm going to call her long distance. I can't get used to the idea I can do things like that now. You know, back home I had to think three times about spending a dime."

Of course, Madge came. Bob asked me to come along to Pasadena with him the day he was meeting her. She was just as nice as I thought she would be and the minute she looked at Bob I knew I had been right about her. There wasn't a doubt she was head-over-heels in love with him.

Sometimes I felt I could shake Bob for not seeing how she felt about him. Men can be so stupid about emotions and things like that. For there was Bob, unhappy when she was out of his sight and doing all the little thoughtful things for her that enslave a girl. He'd come bounding into the study where she worked, with an armful of poppies and lupines he'd picked for her in a meadow on the way from the studio and he was

bringing her other presents all the time, too, ranging from silly little trinkets to the diamond wrist watch he gave her for Christmas. And how can a girl get over loving a man like that?

There wasn't any doubt Bob was Madge's life. And everything she did for him furthered his career. It was she who ordered the flowers for Bob's hostess of the night before, who thought of all the other little things to do for people that made everyone regard him the most thoughtful bachelor in Hollywood. They didn't come any more generous and sweet than Bob, but it takes a woman to think of all the little extra things that please people so much.

Madge loved doing those things. But there were other things that came harder. The girls Bob fell for one after the other, the presents she bought for him to give them, the tete-a-tete dinners she had to plan.

But Madge did it all with that easy grace that was so much a part of her. It wasn't in her to be anything but gracious and sweet. Yet, sometimes I saw her eyes as she looked at him and I knew what the effort cost her.

Everyone in Hollywood was amazed when Bob built a house. That's usually one of the first things a new star does out here and it's always amazed me to see the deeply instilled yearning for a home of their own Hollywood people have. That's one of the things the outside world doesn't realize about Hollywood. How simple it is below its aura of glamour and sophistication. But it wasn't that Bob wanted a house that caused amazement. It was the sort of house he built.

You see, Bob hadn't shown good judgment in the other things he'd done before Madge came out here. Good taste wasn't one of his virtues. His car, a long, low, dazzling white roadster, glittering with chromium, was the flashiest car in Hollywood and his personal wardrobe was on the flashy side, too. And when he was building everyone rather expected his house would be something of a monstrosity of bad taste, too. But it wasn't. Madge saw to that. Though Bob and I were the only ones who knew it.

The house was more than a house to Madge. It was Bob. And so she planned the sort of house that would go with his personality. A casual, easy-going house, comfortable and unassuming, but so right in every detail that one of the best decorators out here said he wished that it was he who had planned it.

It was the farm house type, low and white and rambling and the chintzes at the windows and coverings of the chairs were the loveliest I'd ever seen. There were fireplaces in every room and low, long, bookcases and deep comfortable chairs and sofas. All the rest of the furniture was old American, and Madge scoured the countryside looking for them. There were antique highboys and genuine Savery pie crust tables that any collector would have been proud to own and a Paul Revere silver tea service that was the envy of the rest of Hollywood.

And then at the night of the house warming party that Madge had planned, the blow fell. Bob announced his engagement.

Funny that we hadn't seen it coming,

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Small Town Boy

[Continued from page 85]

his engagement to Helena, I mean. But none of us had taken it seriously. Bob had rushed so many girls and after a while his interest had lagged and he'd started on the quest for a new love.

Sometimes men are such fools about love and girls. Of all the ones he'd thought he was in love with Bob couldn't have chosen anyone worse for him than Helena. She'd come out here a contest winner and she hadn't clicked. But she'd stayed on doing extra work and had somehow managed to hold on to the fringe of Hollywood. She was inordinately ambitious and she had a way of flattering people so they liked her. A born sycophant, she'd managed to worm herself into a friendship with one of the most gullible stars out here and for months she'd been a guest at her home. That's how Bob met her.

Helena was aware of the way Madge felt about Bob. I knew that when I saw her look at Madge when Bob announced the engagement. Her triumph flashed from her baby blue eyes that for once weren't guarded and secretive. And I saw that she hated Madge, too, and was afraid of her, for I know she resented her place in Bob's affections and life.

Madge didn't break even at the wedding. She had the sort of pride I take my hat off to, the quiet, deeply instilled respect for herself and her own feelings that has no trace of vanity at all. It wasn't until the week after Bob brought his bride home from their honeymoon that Madge came to me.

"I've got to talk to someone," she said simply. "I'm so worried about Bob. Helena doesn't love him, I know that, and she treats him as if he's a puppy she's got attached to a leash. She takes such advantage of his adoration. And it's silly I know, but I hate seeing her in Bob's house. She doesn't belong. And she's beginning to change it already and it's just as if she's hurting a child I've borne. I love that house so."

There came the day when Helena tried to make Bob get rid of Madge. But for once he refused to bow down to her. And it was after that she insisted Madge give up her small apartment in town and live with them.

It was obvious why she did it. She began treating Madge as if she were her personal maid, ordering her around in front of guests and being generally obnoxious. Of course, she wanted Madge to quit. But she didn't. Madge wasn't the quitting sort. Not when she knew Bob needed her.

All of us saw soon enough that Helena wasn't playing the game fairly at all. We'd all seen her, at one time or another, lunching with men at out-of-the-way restaurants or having cocktails with them or caught glimpses of her car heading towards the desert with some new flame on the seat beside her. Of course, Bob didn't know that. Neither did Madge, at first.

I'll never forget the day she found out about it. She came to me, her gray eyes blazing in her fury.

"He mustn't ever know," she said and her voice sounded hard and dry as if she had been crying. "He adores her so. Isn't it funny how blind men can be? He can't see beyond her soft little baby face. He's always telling me how gentle and sweet she is and how he couldn't go on without her. And she's just making a laughing stock of him."

It was a few weeks after that Bob went on location. He'd begged Helena to go with him, but she pleaded a headache though Madge said the moment he was gone she was all over it. Then the next day she told Madge she wouldn't be needing her and she could have a couple of days' vacation.

Madge had dinner with me that evening. At first, she managed to hold herself in check, then suddenly she broke.

"I can't bear to have Bob disillusioned," she sobbed. "He's really just a kid who still believes in Santa Claus and the silver angel on top of the Christmas tree. And Helena is that angel. He worships her. And if he ever loses that belief, he won't be Bob any more."

"You love him, don't you?" I said.

"Yes." The word came as if it had been torn out of her breast. Only that one word spoken so proudly and with no excuses for it at all. Madge would never pretend about anything, even her own heart.

We had just finished dinner when the telephone call came from the studio. They'd been trying to get in touch with Helena and her telephone didn't answer and knowing my friendship with Madge they thought I might know where she was. Bob had left location and they thought he was on the way home and they needed him for some retakes.

Madge looked stricken when I told her.

"Of course, he's coming back," she said slowly. "It's just the sort of thing he would do, wanting to surprise Helena. I'll have to go to her right away. I've got to be sure everything is all right. She must have let all the servants go if the phone didn't answer."

Afterwards, Madge told me what had happened. The house was dark when she got there. But after she'd gone in and turned on the lights she knew there was someone in the house. The ashtrays in front of the sofa were heaped high with cigarette butts and ashes and two half filled scotch and soda glasses stood beside them.

Then suddenly she heard Helena's voice and looked up to see her standing in the doorway.

Her eyes looked like two slits of fury and she didn't look at all pretty even in the filmy pink negligee that would ordinarily have been so becoming to her.

She was so mad she didn't hear the automobile turning into the driveway, but Madge heard it.

"Listen," she said taking a quick step forward. "Is someone here with you?"

Helena looked at her superciliously.

"Of course you know we can't keep you on after this impertinence," she be-

gan, but Madge didn't pay any attention to her.

"This isn't any time for quibbling," she said urgently. "Bob is coming and he'll see anyone leaving the house. You'll have to tell me if someone is here."

Helena didn't have to answer. Her frightened eyes told the truth for her and Madge, after that one quick glance at her, took her hand and pulled her upstairs.

So when Bob came running up the stairs it was Madge he found in Helena's negligee, lying back on the chaise longue with one of Hollywood's best known play boys sitting beside her in a dressing gown.

Helena came after a minute or so, fully dressed. She'd slipped down the servant's stairs and come around to the front of the house again. But she couldn't play the game squarely even then, after Madge had compromised herself to save her.

"Of all the impertinence," she began. Then she stopped at the look in Bob's eyes. He was staring at Madge as if the end of the world had come.

There was horror in his eyes and fury. But more than anything else there was jealousy as he looked at Madge.

Afterwards, he told me it was as if he were seeing her for the first time in that moment, seeing her and knowing he loved her and that he had loved her all his life, but had never realized it before he saw her this way with another man. He wanted to kill her. But instead to his horror, he felt the tears come to his eyes and he could only stand there looking at her shaken with horror.

Helena made her big mistake then.

"Please leave our home at once," she said to Madge. "It certainly isn't very pleasant for me to come home and find this going on."

Bob turned to her furiously and it was then he saw the pink satin mules on her small feet. The satin mules that went with the pink negligee Madge was wearing now. In her hurry Helena had forgotten to change them.

He didn't say a word as he walked over to the chaise longue and leaning over Madge, pulled the long trailing skirt of her negligee up far enough to show the walking shoes Madge was still wearing.

That was when he broke completely. Kneeling on the floor beside her, his head cradled in her lap, his arms holding her as if they would never let her go again and begging her to forgive him for ever having doubted her, even for that moment.

It's funny, but there were a few people in Hollywood who thought Madge was a love pirate and she never said a word in her own defense. Even when Helena went around looking so pathetic after the divorce for all that she had taken practically every penny of Bob's savings, Madge kept quiet about the stories that were going the rounds.

And there were others who didn't think his marriage to Madge would last, remembering the way he'd rushed one girl after the other when he first came to Hollywood. But, of course, they don't know what Bob knows now, that it was Madge he was looking for all the while, the Madge who had been lost to him in the commonplaces of a lifelong friendship.

Hollywood's Most Amazing Love Story

[Continued from page 35]

ricane" were streaming in, a golden deluge, and Goldwyn said, over and over: "He's sweeping America." Little was said, then, of two actors who appeared in the same picture, both destined for cinema greatness. One was Raymond Massey, the other was Thomas Mitchell.

Jon Hall, no doubt, was bewildered, but he took all of this new adulation in stride. To his credit, let it be stated here that he never got delusions of grandeur. He smiled just as cordially at the waiters as he smiled at the important producers and stars. He signed autographs until even his muscular arm must have ached. He was aboard the Hollywood gravy-train, but he seemed to be more dazed at his presence aboard that luxury liner than impressed.

He was a naive, pleasant sort of kid, too. A few days after the premiere, I interviewed him over a luncheon table at the Beverly Brown Derby. He was absolutely thrilled at the things which had happened in such breath-taking fashion. "It's wonderful," he admitted. "I've been kicked around for three years in this town. People don't realize that because I worked before under my real name—Charles Locher. Fox had signed me and I made one picture with Warner Oland, 'Charlie Chan in Shanghai.' Then they released me, and for three years, I've

worked as an extra and a bit player at Republic and Monogram—wherever I could get a job. Overnight, I'm on the road to stardom and it's wonderful. I want to click. I'll work hard."

He told me that day that Goldwyn had given him the name of Jon Hall, instead of Locher. Norman Hall, one of the authors of "Hurricane," is related to young Locher, so Goldwyn decided Jon Hall would be a good name for marquee display.

Now the story becomes fantastic, incoherent, completely mad and incredible. For two and a half years after the world premiere of "Hurricane," Jon Hall never made a single picture!! The kid who so desperately wanted to click, and who was willing to work hard, never worked at all. Each week he received his check from Goldwyn's offices for \$150. Each week, for the first year, he was assured that the studio had a story in preparation, but by the time the second year had arrived, with nothing but promises that never came true, Jon Hall knew that he was deader than the proverbial dead-pigeon.

"Now it's a funny thing what that does to a fellow," he told me. "At first, when people asked me what I was doing and I told them that Mr. Goldwyn was readying a picture for me, I didn't mind. But

after a year of it, then a year and a half and then TWO YEARS, I was almost nuts. I ducked across the street rather than meet somebody I knew would ask me what I was doing. I avoided parties. I guess a fellow loses his self-respect, loses his confidence, loses whatever it is that makes a man."

Hall shook his head like a fighter clearing his head of a series of heavy blows: "If it hadn't been for Frances, I would have hopped a freighter and gone to the South Seas and stayed there. She is the most wonderful wife a guy ever had, and if it hadn't been for her, I very likely would have gone batty."

You see, a few months before "Hurricane" was launched, Jon Hall, building to stardom, met singer Frances Langford. They fell in love so hard that you could hear the repercussion all over Hollywood. The sound of it caromed from one peak of the Sierra Madres to another. On June 4, 1938, they were married at Prescott, Arizona.

Had he married a lot of other girls, Jon Hall very nicely might have gone crazy in the fantastic two years and a half that followed, because another girl might very nicely have determined to divorce him when it appeared that he was not going to achieve stardom. Such things have happened out here, involving very famous femme stars. "Frances was wonderful," says Hall. "She made me hold my chin up. She told me, week after week, when I was down in the dumps, that all I needed was patience and that everything would come out all right. If we went out and autograph fans asked for her auto-



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graph, she always signed her name in their books as 'Mrs. Jon Hall.' That doesn't seem important, does it, but to a guy who is out on a limb, washed high and dry, those little thoughtful gestures mean more than anything else in the world.

"Seven days a week, for 130 weeks, Frances kept me perked up, went out of her way to do little things and say little things that snapped me out of dangerous moods. Sometimes I acted snappy, but she knew that I didn't mean it, and she never replied to me. She made me feel that to her I was the greatest person in the world. To Hollywood I was a discard, but to her, I was a helluva guy. So when I tell you, Ed, that she is the most wonderful person in the world, I'm understating it."

What easily could have rendered the situation tragic was the fact that Frances Langford, all of this time, was a big star in her own right. Her radio programs and

her phonograph records had won her an enormous following. Hall not only felt himself to be a failure, but he also could contrast his own supposed failure to his wife's tremendous popularity. "So Frances would always play down her own importance," Hall related, "rather than make me feel worse than I felt."

Such a grand love and devotion simply HAD to arrive at a happy ending, but it took a World War to bring it about. Goldwyn, finding himself tangled up in the European war, hastened to unload his contract commitments, or, at least, that is my belief. One of the contract commitments was Jon Hall. In such a case, the producer who holds the contract sets about renting or loaning-out the player to another studio.

Suddenly, Jon Hall, who hadn't heard from the Goldwyn studio for a year, was notified that he was to report for a Sol Wurtzel picture at 20th Century-Fox, an opera called "Sailor's Lady," with

Nancy Kelly. He had just completed that when he was told to report to Eddie Small for a fat role in "South of Pago-Pago," with Victor McLaglen, Frances Farmer and Olympe Bradna.

Twenty-five minutes after he completed his second picture in a row, he was aboard a plane and en route to Arizona to play in "Kit Carson." So the kid who didn't make a picture, or get a chance to work in two years and a half, now has made three pictures in a row within a space of a few months. His comeback is an assured fact.

"It all happened because of Frances," he told me. "It was her prayers and her faith in me that did it. I've got to be a hit now, so as not to disappoint her." He reached over and kissed her, and she ran her fingers through his hair and kissed him.

I swear that this is the most amazing story that Hollywood ever has authored, with a happier ending than any Hollywood scenarist ever dreamed up.

The Truth About "Mrs. McGinty"

[Continued from page 37]

with Watt, the inventor of the steam engine.

Before the start of this interview, Miss Angelus had been photographed in a corner of the dining room with her brother, Douglas Dean, who is understudy to Nick Long, Jr., in the Broadway musical "Louisiana Purchase." It took much persuasion to get permission from the dignified Plaza for such an unheard-of thing and the chef had added to the difficulties by swearing that kidneys could not ("*sacre nom!*") be cooked in three minutes, completely disregarding the explanation that they were to be used merely for the picture of the star at breakfast—no one was going to eat them. Miss Angelus, unperturbed by the confusion, plopped into a chair and spoke:

"Me? I'm afraid I wasn't any different from any other kid in the Kensington district of London where we lived. First it was the Ursuline convent, then private schools. I took up dancing only because the others did and because I worshipped the teacher, Ruth French. She was packed with glamour because she had been a prima ballerina in the company of Pavlova. But in spite of the glamour we got fed up with one *rond de jambe* after another. . . ."

Then Fokine, the fabulous dancer and impresario, arrived in London to stage "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Drury Lane Theatre. From her school, Fokine picked six girls for the production—among them Muriel Angelus. It was for the Christmas season only, but it sold her permanently on the theatre—scientific forbears or no.

One grandfather, James Simpson, had somehow escaped the test-tube-and-caliper taint long enough to become a choir-master. He undertook her singing instruction and before long she was punishing Westminster Hall and the provinces with "Hark! Hark! The Lark." (*Miss A. gets a lot of money for singing very nicely today.*) She was now fourteen when, as said a while back, James Whale in football shorts and a financial cloud got mixed

up in a storm of sorts.

Not one waiter-captain, but two, stared at the sight of a live (*and pretty*) movie star actually being interviewed in the Plaza's holy of holies. Miss A. grinned at them and went on:

"After 'Midnight Follies' I got a part in 'The Vagabond King,' and a talent scout for a movie company came backstage to talk to me. The first thing he said was, 'You ought to be in pictures!' I opened the door for him, but he seemed so in earnest that I decided to believe this one.

"Next day he took me to the British Lion Studio at Beaconfield. After a test they gave me the feminine lead opposite Leslie Faber in 'The Ringer,' an Edgar Wallace thriller. Funny I can't remember that scout's name. . . ."

After further theatre work she went to Berlin to appear in a picture starring Kathe von Naghy. Muriel didn't speak a word of German and no one in the troupe spoke English—it didn't matter terribly since it was a silent picture. They translated the scenes in which she appeared into English so she had a vague idea what it was all about. However, she didn't know what had gone before or was to follow and since she didn't see the finished picture she doesn't know today. She didn't even find out the name of the thing—but she got paid.

"Back in London I went into 'Red Aces,' the only picture Edgar Wallace himself ever directed. I played—at the age of seventeen—the wife of Nigel Bruce. In the Paramount commissary in Hollywood not two months ago he spied me across the room. 'My wife!' he shouted, running across. 'Youngest wife I ever had—and the cutest!' Great chap, Nigel, his real wife's a dear. . . ."

To get back—she wasn't satisfied with herself. So she took up singing and dancing again and studied dramatics with Fay Compton, who corresponds roughly to our Helen Hayes. Thus she was ready for the talkies when they arrived in England—very much later than they did

in America. Like this country, England drew heavily on the stage for the new medium and Muriel was swept into the vocal-cinema as the ingenue in "Night Birds" and "The Bridegroom's Widow," big musicals, and in the comedy, "My Wife's Family."

A bevy of starched old ladies by this time had joined the captains in sneaking looks at Miss Angelus.

"I was offered the second lead in 'Sons of Guns,' the part just vacated by Pat Paterson (*Mrs. Charles Boyer today*) and I went back to the stage. It was during this run that Paramount gave me a test in London—along with a young man named Ray Milland. After the test had been run off they got us together and said: 'You're not the type we want, so sorry.' We practically wept over tea together then, but look at Ray now!"

"When I arrived in Hollywood myself, I wondered if Ray had been changed any by his great success. I bumped into him on the lot one day. 'Hello Muriel!' he yelled in my ear, 'how are you, I heard, oh let's go somewhere where we can talk!' No, he hadn't changed."

To go back again—her next show was "The Jolly Roger," in which she played the lead for nine months at the Savoy Theatre. This taste of comic opera revived a latent grand-opera ambition and she retired for a year to polish up her singing. A nervous breakdown, and appendicitis added to it, forced her to stay out of the theatre for two years instead of one. Upon her recovery she faced the problem of making a comeback—at the age of twenty-two.

Visiting a friend's dressing room one night, she was obliging the friend by running through a new song for her when another visitor heard her. He offered to back her in any show she chose. For five months it was a complete reversal of the usual great-play-no-backer situation. When she did find exactly what she wanted she made theatre history with it—"Balalaika," which broke all records in

London. Decidedly an achievement. "Balalaika" brought her an offer from Vinton Freedley, the New York producer. Freedley's show was delayed so, to fill in, she stepped into a show that turned out to be a hit, "The Boys From Syracuse."

And that was where Hollywood found her for the second time. They quickly signed her to a long-term contract—they weren't making the same mistake twice.

Now, with four good pictures under her belt and more of the same to come, she was in New York, reputedly for the purpose of having her dog McGinty psychoanalyzed. McGinty is a hyper-sensitive dachshund who has been very unhappy about the snubbing he has had to put up with because of his nationality. He has worried so, that he won't eat or sleep.

One of his symptoms is a refusal to walk. He simply squats and allows himself to be dragged along the sidewalk until, as she put it: "I know his bottom's on fire and throwing out sparks!" McGinty is much too good a trouser for this—after all, didn't he appear in "The Great McGinty" with considerable aplomb and elan? "I wonder if I couldn't do something to change his looks?" she asked the reporter. "Maybe I could bone his ears, like they bone corsets, you know, and make them stand up."

She also has a Scottie named Bonnie, who has gone in for motherhood to the extent of thirteen pups. The last eight came as the result of a casual dalliance with a lecherous spaniel. Bonnie's love for this canine cad cooled quickly and

these days when he approaches the *Maison Angelus* he is sent on his way by scornful barking from Bonnie and one of the results named Sarsaparilla.

Looking at her it's hard to believe that she could have lived such a full theatrical life and still have that fresh, peaches-and-cream complexion. She has blue-blue eyes and blonde hair—now sun-bleached. Her manner is definitely impish, her grin genuine. She stands at least five-foot-six and is slim. She loves clothes, plain ones, but hates cheap things and would rather have one good dress than a dozen cheap ones. She won't wear slacks, but does wear wedge-heeled shoes.

Her accent is mildly British. She says "McGin-tay" in that picture. She is to be an American citizen and wants to talk like one. Says she can't help taking on the accent of every person she works with a lot—with the result that she will soon have an international accent if she isn't careful. Working with Madeleine Carroll in "Safari," she found herself being very British until the director yelled: "Hey, you dames, haul down the British flag and talk so we can understand you!"

She says the picture people are trying to amputate Miss Carroll's accent, because patrons resent an English accent in a woman. It gives her an air of coldness they don't care for. They like it in a man, though.

She thinks Jimmy Savo and Teddy Hart, of "The Boys From Syracuse," are a scream. Savo, who gave up his usual pantomime to talk in this, is a genius in her opinion. He was terribly ("but terribly") nervous in his first speaking-

appearances. Teddy Hart, brother of songwriter Larry Hart (*Rodgers and Hart*), has been hampered, she says, by his brother's reputation, but he's married now and his wife is helping him get further up the ladder.

Miss Angelus is crazy about Hollywood and despises people who pretend they don't like it. She swears it's the end of the road for everyone in show business, so why kid about it. Her idol, Judith Anderson, feels that way and she could have her choice of stage or movies. Miss A. is glad that she didn't start with starring roles. Didn't like doing *Maisie* in "The Light That Failed." It was a cold part and lacked scope. Her father was dying at the time and although this upset her beyond words she told no one about it. She hated the character she played in "The Way Of All Flesh," but was very much taken with Akim Tamiroff ("*Tammy*"), who was cute.

Of "The Great McGinty" she was proud. "We et, slept and dreamed that picture," she said. "It was Pres' (*Pres-ton Sturges*) first chance at directing one of his scripts and he and we put our hearts into it. She said pleasant things about Brian Donlevy, who, it appears, is as natural off-screen as on and would just as soon turn his back to the camera as not. This was his first chance to get away from villain parts.

She reads a lot. "Don't drop dead," she said, "when I tell you that I'm reading the Bible now. It's fully as wonderful as everyone said it is." She has read "Mein Kampf," about which she made no comment. Likes biographies for the most part,

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on Beethoven and such. Admits to being a snob about her pleasures—preferring concerts to jazz and long walks to night clubs. Gets up at 6:30 and walks miles, talking a blue streak to herself, working out problems.

Cooks, too. Likes American food and raves about the quality of the salad greens to be found on the Coast. Cooks fried chicken; roast beef; yorkshire pudding; shepherd's pie, which is hamburger with a potato cover—popularly "toad in the hole" in America. Takes her maid and a basket and goes to market. Takes the maid to have someone to restrain her from buying the whole place. She delights in Coast barbecues and drive-in places. Three things must be plain; food, clothes and jewelry.

She is a nut about flying and is going to learn how. Recently flew over Death Valley, where borax comes from, for the first time. It was 8:30 in the morning and cool. When the pilot motioned downwards she looked out and saw a vast expanse of snow. Shivering by this time she wrapped herself in a blanket and prepared to freeze to death. The pilot saw her and grinned. Then he pointed to a thermometer which read 102 and shouted "borax!" The "snow" was borax. . . .

She has a bright sense of humor. When she writes to her friends she signs herself "Anne G. Louse" for "Angelus." Her screen favorites are Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Maureen O'Hara and Irene Dunne. She thinks Helen Hayes is "perfectly beautiful." She has a story about Maureen O'Hara. It seems that Miss O'Hara was being followed around at a party by a pompous bore who kept trying to talk to her. Cornered at last she

was forced to listen to his boasts about his important Irish ancestry. His name began with *Fitz* and that made it important in Irish nomenclature, did it not? he demanded. "Certainly," snapped Miss O'Hara, "Fitz means illegitimate-son-of!"

She's quite a philosopher and her talk is disconcertingly studded with pedantic bits that the average person couldn't get away with. Believes in relaxation—that breakdown saw to that. Life is what you make it, no more. Only a few of the film people are egocentric—most are real folks and the day of the great bluff in Hollywood is past. Doesn't believe in heredity. Hates people who use it as an excuse for every fault they possess and which they won't make an effort to change. It's environment that moulds us, she declares.

Fear is an experience common to rich and poor alike, so why fear fear? She went into a lion cage (*she practices what she preaches*) to have some publicity stills taken. There were twelve unfed lions (*she called them "lah-ons"*) in it, but she forced calmness on herself so they wouldn't see that she was afraid of them. She even cracked a whip and made one of them roar. She wasn't worried, but the photographer outside the cage almost dropped his Graflex at the first roar.

Someone in Hollywood told her to play a game for the New York Press—put on a big show, they said, the boys will eat it up. To her credit let it be said that the greenest cub on any sheet in town could have told you that this Angelus girl was as free from anything artificial as distilled water.

He would definitely have dragged out his very best adjectives for her just as—well, who could help it?

Reviews

[Continued from page 69]

Tom has to put up with plenty from the brutal bullies, but he and the headmaster both win out in the end, and good once more triumphs over evil. Jimmy Lydon plays young Tom Brown and lives up to his publicity of being the sensational juvenile find of the year. He is. Another remarkable performance is given by Freddie Bartholomew who is progressing quite nicely into an actor of maturity. Billy Halop of the Dead End boys surprises everyone by bursting out with a beautiful English accent. Josephine Hutchinson as Mrs. Arnold has one very touching scene, and Polly Moran is welcomed back to the screen as Sally, the shopkeeper.

CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE
JUST WHAT THE PATIENT ORDERED—*RKO*
GENE RAYMOND returns to the screen, after much too long an absence for such a talented young actor, in this very breezy romantic comedy which is pure escapism from the troubles of the world. Gene, at his best, plays a very personable young doctor who is motoring cross-country to join a scientist in China. He stops en route to deliver a complimentary scroll in commemoration of her hospital charities to one of those wacky society women (*played by Hedda Hopper, and at her best, too*) and soon afterwards

discovers her heiress daughter has stowed away in his trailer. Wendy Barrie is the flirtatious heiress and she sets out immediately to snare the young doctor, which she eventually does, but not until after all kinds of amusing complications.

MY LOVE CAME BACK

WELCOME BACK OLIVIA!—*Warners*

IF YOU are world-weary these days here's a gay, charming comedy that you should welcome with open arms. Olivia de Havilland, in her first picture since her sensational Melanie in "Gone With The Wind," plays a poor, but proud, violin student who simply can't make both ends meet on a six'y dollar a month scholarship. Charles Winninger, the millionaire president of Monarch Music, sees her at a concert one day, and decides that now is the time for him to retire and take an interest in classical music in general and Olivia in particular. It's the most innocent courtship in the world, but of course Jeffrey Lynn, the vice president of Monarch Music, misunderstands everything, which confuses Olivia considerably when she falls in love with him. The comedy touches are magnificent, and great credit should go to Kurt Berndhart for

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The Man Who Plays Rockne

[Continued from page 39]

Not much, anyway. I felt so good, I trotted back to where the college boys were—we were using boys from U. S. C., U. C. L. A., and Loyola—and said, 'If any of you fellows can be that spry at my age, you'll be doing all right.' They started calling me One-Horseman O'Brien."

Maybe playing football for two weeks straight was no hardship for him. But how about wearing that difficult make-up for three months straight? Wasn't that a hardship?

Pat shakes his head.

"My skin wasn't used to anything but greasepaint, and I was worried. I had heard about the tortures of trick make-up. But the only torture I suffered was having to get up at 5 every morning, to be at the studio by 6. It took three hours to get the make-up on. Forty-five minutes to get it off.

"We worked on it nearly a month, before the picture. Perc Westmore studied photos Mrs. Rockne had, and blow-ups of newsreel shots showing Rockne from every angle. First, he would experiment on a plaster cast he had made of my face and head. Then he'd try an effect on me in person. Then we'd start all over again.

"He had a tough assignment. He had to turn a Celtic into a Nordic—and one particular, well-remembered Nordic. And then he had to age the Nordic gradually, three different times. I wasn't prepared for the results he got. Neither were other people. The likeness startled them. And I kept scaring myself. I'd look into a mirror, unconsciously expecting to see O'Brien, and there would be Rockne, instead. It was eerie.

"Make-up wasn't the word for what I wore. Make-over was the word. Every feature of my face was changed. The cleft in my chin was blocked out. My nose was flattened, and built out on each side. My nostrils were widened. My dark eyebrows were covered with blond ones. My eyelids were taped, to make my eyes look deep-set. My hairline was raised. And I wore a blond wig that had to be altered as I grew older.

"I should like to stress at this time that no putty was used on my face. The entire facial metamorphosis was achieved with plastic rubber—which wasn't painful."

So much for the outside. How did he get "inside" Rockne?

"I studied recordings of his voice, slowed down my speaking tempo, tried to get his inflections. And the script was a big help. Robert Buckner, who wrote it, took infinite pains to make every word typical of Rockne. I studied newsreel shots of him, for little mannerisms. I remembered gestures he had used, the three times I heard him speak at banquets. I talked with people who had known him—people like Nick Lukats, who is in the picture and who scored the last touchdown for the last team Rockne coached. And I consulted constantly with Mrs. Rockne, who was the greatest help of all. She deserves most of the credit.

"People think of Rockne as an aggressive leader of men. And he was that. But in the beginning he was shy. Mrs. Rockne

tipped me off to that, and that's the way I play him at the start of the picture, which will probably baffle people, till they watch his gradual development. All his life he had a wide streak of humility, particularly with the clergy. We bring that out. He could be tough, and he could be tender. And he had a great sense of humor, loved a good story. There's a scene in a Pullman car where reporters ask him for a story, and he tells them a story about a Pullman porter, in dialect. Personally, I'd have liked more of that. But there were other things that were more important."

Pat paused reflectively.

"I've played football coaches before, and I've taken them in stride. But Rockne got under my skin. This time I wasn't playing just a coach—I was playing a great man, a human being who inspired other human beings. He had a code of living worth perpetuating in the minds of Americans, particularly with the way things are in the world today.

"The scene I got the biggest bang out of playing was the scene in which Rockne defends football, before a committee of educators. There has been talk of discontinuing the game, substituting something of a less violent nature. One of the board has proposed hockey. Rockne reveals that he had suggested hockey, himself, to the president of the University—who had wondered, with a little smile, if it would be safe to allow any game that put clubs in the hands of an Irishman. The committee laughs. Then Rockne launches into the most serious speech of his life. In which he says: 'Every red-blooded young man in every country is filled with what he might call the natural spirit of combat. In Europe and other parts of the world this spirit has manifested itself in continuous wars and revolutions. We have tried to make competitive sport act as an easier outlet for this spirit. And, gentlemen, I think we've succeeded.'

"Don't get the wrong idea. He didn't stress football to the exclusion of everything else. It was, as he said, an outlet. There's a scene in which he speaks to the boys on the opening day of the season. 'You didn't come to Notre Dame just to play football,' he tells them. 'Don't neglect your studies. Football isn't that important. Five years from now, the public will have forgotten the best of you.' He hammers home that they are in college to learn, to develop character—something that will last. He keeps their perspective straight.

"And his boys loved him. There's a scene—lifted from life, like every other scene in the picture—that shows that. It's the end of the season, and Notre Dame has won the national championship. 'Rock' comes into the locker room after the game with the football, and says, 'Here it is. And the party is on me.' The boys whoop, 'We'll say it is,' and toss him into the shower, hat and overcoat and all. . . . The boys on the set crossed me up in that scene. They went through all the motions of making certain the water would be just the right temperature.



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But when I landed under it, it was ice-cold."

Pat grins, and shakes his head, as much as to say he'll never stop being a victim of gags. Relighting his cigar, which has gone out while he has been talking, he wonders if he has talked too seriously about his role.

"But that's how I feel about it," he says. "It got me misunderstood when I went back to South Bend. I stepped off the train in a pouring rain. I went straight from the station to lay a wreath on Rockne's grave, before I did anything else. A Chicago sports writer accused me of publicity-seeking for doing something it was legendary for Coach Howard Jones to do, whenever U. S. C. went to South Bend. If I hadn't done what I did, that same sports writer would probably have asked: 'Doesn't the guy even think enough of Rockne to go near his grave?'"

Whether or not the role of Rockne will change Pat's whole screen future depends on public reaction to the picture. He's keeping his fingers crossed. Meanwhile—"after an hour and a half's vacation"—he is playing a hard-boiled gent, this time in an oil-field setting, in "Flowing Gold." His reward for being a good boy, and not raising a fuss about one more rough-neck role, will be eight weeks off. He will be free during August, the racing season at the Del Mar track, of which he is part-owner, along with Bing Crosby and some other people. Unlike Bing, he owns no horses, himself. "Haven't I got enough headaches already?" he asks.

The time he doesn't spend at Del Mar, he will spend right at home. He hasn't had a real chance yet to enjoy the new O'Brien house. All their lives, he and Eloise, his pretty wife, have dreamed of having a white Colonial house, and they finally have it. And, to quote the passers-by who don't suspect that Pat O'Brien, the specialist in screen roughnecks, lives there: "What a house!" The pillared front is a replica of Mount Vernon.

Pat, with all the independence of an Irishman, scorned the idea of having an interior decorator. He and Eloise had the fun of planning the interior, themselves, so the interior reflects them, personally. "Especially Eloise," he says with a wink. His favorite hangout is the library, a huge, cheerful room that looks like one of those club lounges for which men leave home. His dressing-room is also something: completely walled in pigskin. He opens a closet door and exhibits his own idea of how to stow away hats (*which he seldom wears*): a tier of four or five sloping shelves, each with a row of pegs rising from it, to hold the hats in place. One entire wall of the master bedroom is a floor-to-ceiling mirror, which gives a staggering illusion of spaciousness to the room. You have the feeling, all over the house, that Pat is a man with a phobia against feeling cramped.

The children, 6-year-old Mavourneen and 4-year-old Sean, have not only their own bedrooms and baths, but their own separate playrooms. They're not going to feel cramped, either. Sean (*pronounced "Shawn"*) is destined to go to Notre Dame. That was decided long before Pat played Rockne. "But the Rockne tradition at Notre Dame decided it," Pat says.

The back lawn is spacious enough for

a pool, a combination guest-house-and-playhouse, trees, flower gardens and a handball court. He has a tough time finding handball competition. "It's a pretty strenuous game," he concedes, "unless your ticker is all right." His must be all right. He's a hard player. Now that he's down to 171, he intends to stay there. He feels better than he has in years. "No more of that Fat O'Brien stuff," he states, emphatically.

His closest friends are Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Cagney and Frank McHugh, Irishmen all. He and Spence grew up together in Milwaukee, ran away together to join the Navy, later went off to New York together to learn to be actors. Pat doesn't say so, but the real reason why he didn't go after the role of Rockne was that he knew Warners were thinking of Spence for it, if they could get him. As it turned out, they couldn't. Meanwhile, Pat couldn't speak up for himself without knifing his best friend. And he doesn't play that way.

He says he owes a lot to Cagney, and their friendship. "One summer I was playing in stock in Asbury Park, New Jersey. A road company of a New York show came through and played there a week. In the company was a red-headed Irishman named Jimmy Cagney. We hit it off as if we'd known each other all our lives. We didn't meet again for years, until we both landed on the Warner lot. As soon as we laid eyes on each other, we both yelled 'Asbury Park!' and took up where we had left off.

"Seeing that Jimmy and I were pals, the studio got the idea, years ago, of casting us as pals on the screen. Quarrelsome pals maybe, for dramatic effect, but still pals. So we did picture after picture together. Most of them were big box-office.

"Then Jim had a blow-up with the studio. He was away for a year and a half. When he came back, they wanted to make it seem like old times. So they teamed the two of us again in 'Boy Meets Girl' and 'Angels with Dirty Faces'—even though that meant casting me as a priest in 'Angels.'

"If I hadn't played that priest, they wouldn't have thought of me for the role of Father Duffy in 'The Fighting 69th.' And if I hadn't done that bit of biographical acting, they would never have thought of me to play Rockne. Funny how life works out, isn't it?"

Pat, being Irish, is a combination of sentimentality and pugnaciousness, seasoned with a sense of humor. Somebody asked him the other day what the population of Ireland was. He said, "Do you mean when they're fighting or when they're at peace?"

Somebody asked him also, the other day, what he thought of Ann Sheridan's statement that, to her, he ranked second only to Charles Boyer in the matter of sex appeal.

"What should I do?" he quipped. "Get sore, because I didn't rank first?"

In the October Issue of
SILVER SCREEN

Stories on

Katharine Hepburn

Ann Sothorn

Virginia Bruce

Jeffrey Lynn

And many others

The Private Lives of the Don Ameches

[Continued from page 42]

to slug him with sleeping pills. He was furious when she intimated it was only bicarbonate of soda and proclaimed, "That never came in pink pills before!" While he's been laid up Honey's been cleaning house over there. She brought my Mother and Bert, my youngest brother, over here to stay."

Bert graduated a year ago from the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. He earned half his architectural course by waiting on table and delivering newspapers; Don supplied the other half. The boy didn't have a fancy car nor a swanky apartment. He lived in a modest rooming house. Don, himself, romped through four colleges and felt that less liberality might be better. And Bert did get straight A's which is far more than Don did. Don sent him to Paris for one summer school session. "I didn't want to spoil him, but I imagined I was being a little bit tough so I upped his allowance. He saved all of it so he could fly out here for his Christmas vacation. He's got himself a job as an apprentice architect in Hollywood; I don't even know whose office he's in. He's fixed up a little studio over the garage at home and he's getting all the experience he can by taking on small jobs at night."

Radio listeners are already well acquainted with Jim Ameche, who's twenty-four, married, and following fast in his illustrious brother's footsteps. Don wanted him to go to college, but he didn't want to. Like Don, Jim won first place in an Iowa state elocution contest. Like Don, but skipping the collegiate and professional stage ground work Don experienced, he tried out cold for a leading radio show in Chicago and landed the lead in it. This second Ameche moved from Kenosha thereupon, married and he and his Betty moved in with Don and Honey in Chicago. Today, Jim is broadcasting from Hollywood, rents Glenda Farrell's house a few miles from Don's, and is a proud papa. "Jim is being canny about screen offers. He's been tested, but not by 20th; he looks so youthful he's afraid he'll be typed as a juvenile. Our voices are practically identical! We always wanted to do a skit together and at last we discovered the one we'd been waiting for. But they finally n.g.'ed it because over the radio we sounded like the same person doing double talk!

"I'm thirty," said Don, "and Louis, who is twenty-nine, has been closest to me. He's a truck driver. He is a great guy and will do anything for a laugh. I don't know for certain whether to blame him, but somebody put a blurb in a magazine saying I was saving our old homestead. They ran a photograph of the old house with signs in front supposedly ordered there by me. One sign proclaimed that Don Ameche was the best plumber in the neighborhood. Another referred to the college vacation days when I ran cement. There was no mention of my acting. You ought to see Louis leading me on out there in the swimming pool! We play follow-the-leader, which usually

means I knock myself out cold. The last time he did a bull frog dive he broke the board. Louis is a massive hulk, strong as an ox. He lies on his back and brings me up on his hands. He's always looking for a good fight, yet tell him a sad story and the tears roll out of him. Yep, he's married. Honey's brother, who is a priest out here, performed the ceremony and Louis and Polly rent a cottage near here." Louis once built up a thriving trucking business in Chicago and Don is anxious to set him up in some business of his own now. Louis lived with Don and Honey in Chicago for a spell, too.

Mrs. Ameche interposed, "Don and Louis are such clowns! They're forever telephoning me with some accent. One day Louis said he was Ray Griffith, one of the producers at 20th, and could he have tickets for Don's next broadcast? I was so positive it was Louis I kidded back with some snappy repartee. The pay off, however, is that it was Mr. Griffith and picture me trying to get myself out of that!

"My oldest sister is married and lives in Kenosha. I've two sisters who are in high school at the Immaculate Heart Convent in Los Angeles and one who is in a convent college in Brentwood. They open up a lot more with Honey than they do with me." She selects the unmarried girls' clothes and they are on an allowance based on the average of what their classmates have. Whenever any special problem arises Don invariably replies, husband-like, "Let Honey attend to that." He confesses he doesn't intrude with advice on how they should conduct their dates. Grandpa, it appears, still has old-fashioned notions.

Mrs. Ameche is as fond of her family as Don is of his and both sets of relatives are welcomed in their home. One of her brothers is teaching in Chicago; her two sisters came out from Iowa to take post-graduate work at the University of Southern California. Adept at making the most of everything, she has Don's expensive suits cut down into tailored suits for herself, then sends her clothes on home. Her dad is the Studebaker dealer in Kenosha. "And a wild Irishman!" she added. "I want him to sell the business and come out here. We bought a car from him to get him to drive it out and sent him back by airplane when mother decided to remain a month with us."

Her cousin Johnny now has the job of keeping the Ameche motors in order. He also "helps do some of the chasing," Mrs. Ameche concluded. "None of us write letters often. I'll bet Don hasn't written more than twenty in his life. So, I'm the clearing-house; I'm perpetually making the rounds!"

Don finished speaking for himself.

"I don't want to brag, but Honey and I will celebrate our eighth wedding anniversary the day after Thanksgiving. When we came to Hollywood we had a lot of responsibilities and—as far as material possessions go—a broken can-opener. Literally! Honey treasures it. We



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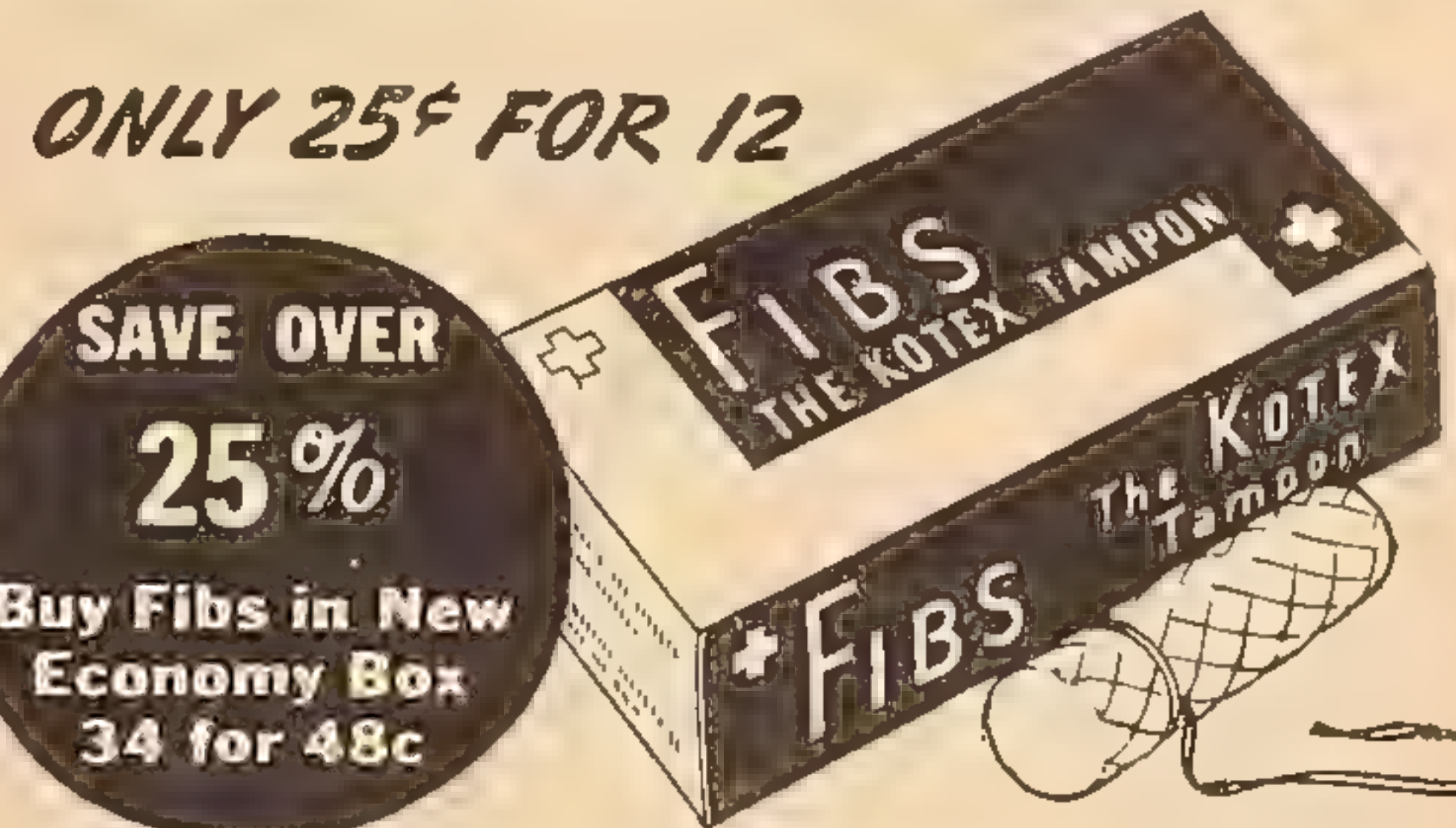
Mary told me: "When it comes to internal protection, I use FIBS*. It's the *Kotex** Tampon—so I know it's good. Believe me, a girl can't be too careful. . . ."



Jane told me: "FIBS are grand! They're comfortable, secure and so easy to use. You see, the rounded top means that no artificial method of insertion is needed."



Ann told me: "FIBS are quilted! And that's important because it keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use and prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering. Increases comfort, too, and lessens the possibility of injury to delicate tissues."



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haven't gone Hollywood, because we've too much Iowa in our blood. In Chicago, Honey and I went around with four couples. One of the men was a lawyer, one ran a meat market, a third was a milk dealer, and the other was a cop. Out here all our entertaining is still impromptu and we haven't attempted to be social climbers. We've been to but one of Mr. Zanuck's parties. Contrary to what you hear, you don't have to lick boots. We're crazy about spontaneous fun. I never know how late I'll have to work, and Honey never knows who's coming home for dinner until I phone to tell her. She's never made a date on her own since we married, which is something, don't you agree? We had twenty-two here for dinner last night. Honey can stage a complete switch and cook eight chickens instead of

two without acquiring a nervous breakdown. She's philosophical, says we'll eat everything eventually so nothing's wasted.

"She never reads my picture scripts, doesn't attend my previews or broadcasts. I have no say about what I act in, so she knows it is far more important for her to keep the home fires burning."

Don never lived on a farm until now. He's picked this one so his children will grow up preferring simple country pleasures. He's bought an old plug horse from a cowboy and is giving his sons lessons in riding. Many a pampered movie star has a headlined private life. But the Don Ameches are living fully because they have a batch of private lives—not headlined—behind the spotlight which plays on Don.

No Work and All Pay

[Continued from page 41]

tinued my schooling in Hollywood under the most ideal study conditions in the world. Instead of going crazy from loafing around, as you're supposed to, I spent every spare moment in study. I doused myself in instruction. I took a voice lesson every day and followed that up with a dramatic lesson. And after those five years of hibernation, I feel I'm a much improved singer and a more capable actor than if I had been carried away right off the bat by some terrific film success. M-G-M gave me the most marvelous post-graduate course any person ever had. And they prolonged my life in pictures by keeping my name off the theatre marquees.

"Of course," continued Allan, as his eyes looked can-openers at the pineapple juice, "don't think M-G-M was doing all these nice things for me on purpose. They didn't care what I did, so long as I didn't come prowling around looking for a good picture. You see, it just happened that I got out to Hollywood a little too late to get the starring role in 'Naughty Marietta.' And since Nelson did such a swell job in it, why, it was natural that he should be built up while I was asked to scuttle myself in as dignified a way as possible."

The mention of Nelson Eddy put me off on another track for a minute. Hollywood had long been abuzz with rumors of a Jones-Eddy vendetta. The cinema solons were saying that Jones would like to purge Eddy and vice versa, that Allan was jealous because his rival had been chosen for "Naughty Marietta," thereby setting his own career back by many years. Once the two had been fast friends. They used to give joint recitals and even traveled the Atlantic on the same ship. Early in their Hollywood careers, too, they had hobnobbed together at Jeanette MacDonald's parties where they delighted the guests with all-star duets. But all this, rumor had it, was changed now.

"What about your feelings toward Nelson Eddy," I asked flatly.

"Well, there are no hard feelings between Nelson and myself as a result of the 'Naughty Marietta' incident," said Allan Jones. "The only hard feelings are between me and the contract I had with the Shuberts which kept me from getting

to Hollywood in time to make the picture. While still doing musical shows, I had taken a voice and screen test for M-G-M which was sent to Hollywood and approved. They asked me to come out there and I understood I was to make 'Naughty Marietta.' However, my Shubert contract held me in the East and my employers informed the coast that any attempt to have me released would be considered libelous. Finally, after four months of dickering, I paid \$20,000 out of my own pocket as a ransom for my own release. But when I got to Hollywood, the picture of my dreams was half finished. Eddy had the part I wanted. All I had was a contract which opened the gates to years of bench-warming. As Eddy grew, the studio tried to freeze me out with one hand and hold me firmly with the other. But I'm not angry at Nelson Eddy for accepting a part and making good at it. We don't see much of each other any more. We go with different people. We'll probably never be real good friends again, but I wish him continued success."

With the feud business settled as definitely as could be expected, I came back to my original theme: how does a fellow with a fat salary and five lean years on his hands pass the time in the film capital? From what he already had said I knew he hadn't gone the way of many who today are standing in the Hollywood caviar breadline, doles strong and souls dead. For Allan Jones knew his day would come. And his five leisure years were spent in fierce pursuit of two goals—the perfection of the beautiful voice God had given him and the acquirement of as much acting polish as a good dramatic teacher and his own perseverance could bring about.

Allan spent approximately 3,000 hours of his unoccupied time taking lessons of various sorts. Is it a wonder he was able to solo after such tutored flights? It meant spending all morning nearly every morning in the dogged quest for self-improvement. At ten-thirty, on a typical Jones M-G-M day, he used to drive over to Grace Newell's studio for voice coaching. Jeanette MacDonald is another Grace Newell pupil—one of the many accomplished singers who pay Grace ten

dollars for just a half-hour workout. Not far away from the Newell studio is Emma Dunn's dramatic school. Allan Jones had a daily date there from 11:30 to 12:30. . . . Gestures practiced, to be's and not to be's recited, wrinkles in delivery ironed out, mannerisms lost, polish acquired—a polish that shined only in Emma Dunn's mirror. For he was still playing second fiddle roles in "Reckless," "A Day at the Circus," "A Night at the Opera," in fact, wherever the Marx Brothers spend their days and nights. It was good for him—all this work without adequate recognition, these endless lessons followed by interminable hours of practice. No singer-actor, up to his neck in tough picture assignments, could have made the progress Allan Jones did in those five years. And he's grateful to have been a forgotten man.

His idleness did something else for him, too. It gave him time to develop his Bel-Air stables and riding academy into one of the richest and most successful in Hollywood. The Bel-Air stable is a joint undertaking which Allan runs with Robert Young. And that's where he spent almost every afternoon during his five year lull. Some of the most ardent riders in Hollywood garage their horses under Allan Jones' care. Among his customers are Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond and Edward Arnold. When Marlene Dietrich wanted a horse for her daughter recently, she bought it from the best horse-dealer in town: Allan Jones. You probably didn't know that the fine, half-Arabian steed the romantic tenor rode in the picture "Fire-fly" was his own horse, "Smokey," one of the best roping horses west of the Mississippi.

Outside of taking lessons to improve himself, Allan probably spent more time giving lessons to improve his two trick ponies than in any other activity. Mack and Buster are two perfectly-matched black and white stallions with a bag of thirty-five tricks up their sleeves. A proud smile spreads across Allan's face when he talks about them.

"I think my trick ponies deeply appreciated the contract I had. I taught them to sit at table with me and eat their oats out of a dish, take a bow, play dead and kiss me on the cheek. That's worth five years in any man's life."

Every Tuesday Allan put on a horse show out at Bel-Air for Hollywood sight-seers. When he wasn't spending the afternoon at the stables, he could be seen speeding along in his car with an empty trailer bouncing behind, on the trail of a good horse bargain. The "horse thieves" as he calls them have learned to respect Allan's canny knowledge of horses. There's no uppin' the prices for this city slicker.

You'd never suspect from the appearance of this clean-cut fellow with the delicate features and artistic temperament that he was an expert judge of horse flesh. But then, it's doubtful that you'd think from looking at him that he had ever been a coal miner. He was, though—a toiler, deep in the carboniferous earth of his native Scranton, Pennsylvania. He was one of two thousand men who worked under his father, Daniel Jones.

"That mine, incidentally, was almost as responsible for my singing career as for my love of horses," Allan said. "One

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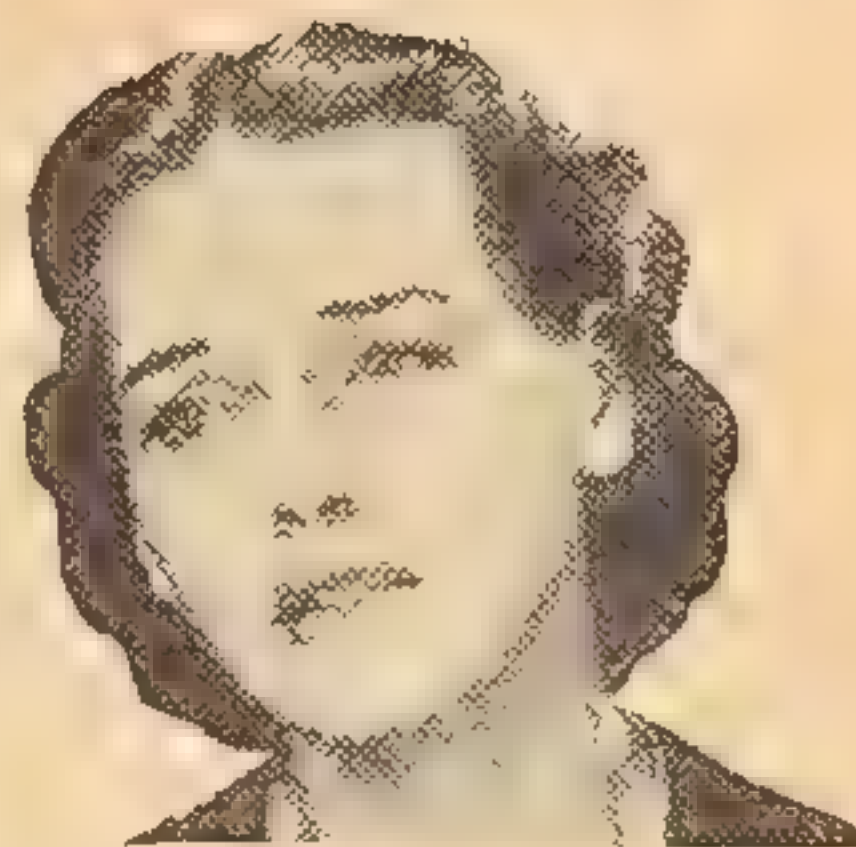
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day I told my father, a Welshman with a fine voice, that I thought a year of study in Paris was necessary to round out my training. My dream of study abroad would require a thousand dollars, which was exactly a thousand times more than I had saved up. But Dad had the answer. He said he'd stage a concert for me in Scranton. All I had to do was sing. He guaranteed the audience. Dad hired a hall that seated two thousand people, although I feared there weren't a hundred in the whole city who would pay to hear an unknown. On the night of the concert in Central High School, I peeked out at the audience from backstage. There, row upon row, stacked up to the rafters was a vast sea of familiar faces. Not one stranger . . . just the two thousand miners who worked under my father. Dad must have dropped a gentle hint about buying tickets to my concert, and I think, promised them an extra half-day off as reward. Anyway the coal-mine provided me with enough gold—\$1,100—to live my year abroad."

With "The Boys From Syracuse" under his belt and "Riviera," with music by Jerome Kern, to follow at Universal, Allan Jones looks forward to a new life of whirlwind success and activity. There'll be less time for horses now, but limitless opportunity to profit from all the study of the M-G-M era. Although working at Universal he is actually under contract to Paramount. His contract is one of the most liberal on the Paramount lot. It guarantees three big pictures a year, allows him to free-lance at other studios and provides for a three-months' leave every year for his concert tour. Blissfully happy with his wife, the actress Irene Hervey, and father of two children, Gail and John Allan, Jr., the handsome singing star owns up to only two further ambitions: one is to play straight dramatic roles with no singing required, either in the movies or on Broadway. "If you're just a singer," he says, "well, all right. But a combination of the two arts of acting and singing is far better. The day the studio calls up and tells me to come over for a picture and leave my singing voice at home—I'll consider myself a success.



Tim Holt, son of the famous Jack, is now a full-fledged western star for RKO. One of his best and most affectionate pals is three-year-old "Duke."

My other ambition is to sing grand opera at the Met."

And, incidentally, it is an ambition which Allan Jones fans may see realized before long. Edward Johnson, manager of the New York Metropolitan Opera, already has suggested an audition at the Met for Allan. And none of his vast army of admirers doubts that five years of Hollywood study and home-work will finally land Allan Jones with a Night at the Opera—without the Marx Brothers.



Ida Lupino, currently in "They Drive By Night," and Jeffrey Lynn, now in "My Love Came Back," lunch together at the Warner Brothers restaurant.

So You Want a Job?

[Continued from page 65]

and smooth without adding more oil or grease to an already over-burdened skin in this respect. The kit also contains an overnight ointment, which further aids in correcting your blemishes while you sleep, and a protective lotion, which does two jobs in one—it carries on the good work of correction while it forms a good base for your make-up.

Recently, I experimented with a boy of sixteen, whose skin was his worse handicap. I talked with him first, then I gave him the kit and said, "Use it." He did, and the skin improvement is just about 100%. I also tried the products on a pretty girl. Now she is what nature meant her to be, extremely pretty. Her bumps are gone.

In spite of the good wrought through these preparations, you must help them along. You must see that you have a good, normal, balanced diet and that elimination is thorough and regular. I do not believe it is necessary to go into diet details, but let me emphasize fresh fruits, fruit juices, vegetables, and salads, and suggest a cold eye toward too many chocolate sodas, fried foods, rich gravy and pies. You need some candy, but over-indulgence in this, as in anything else, is to be frowned upon. Train yourself in habits of elimination, as you do in the routine of bath, brushing of teeth, etc. It can be done.

You have a problem on your hands—or rather face—you girls and boys with your broken-out skin. But you can meet and solve it, just as you solve other problems. I have given you a thought, so your next step is to find out more.

And don't think you are alone with your skin worries. I have seen too many of our young screen hopefuls go through that stage from adorable screen juveniles on to starlet material. Practically everyone of them has had a "growing" problem to face. With some it has been figure. Last spring I talked with Jane Withers, rapidly developing into a young lady. There was little Jane turning cartwheels, stretching against the wall, tumbling like a bug in a rug, all in an effort to develop evenly and not have to go



Paulette Goddard makes friends with a malamute husky while on location for "North West Mounted Police."

through a phase of being all legs at one time, or too developed here and not enough there, or too fat or too thin. I might add that Jane has one of the loveliest young bodies I have seen in a long time. But she is working for it. Then, there are two famous stars, undeniably lovely with stage or screen make-up but without, bearing the ravaged skin of adolescent acne. Avoid this, if you possibly can. Avoid it for the temporary unhappiness of the moment and avoid it for the lasting scars of the morrow.

If you want that first job, if you need it, listen once more to our authority, if you are a skin-conscious case:

"Look at yourself in the mirror, girls and boys. How will you appear to the man you ask for a job? Will you look healthy, sturdy, smart and on your toes? Or will you look muddy and a bit hang-dog? Will he judge you lack initiative when all that's wrong with you is the consciousness of a headlight that feels to you as big as a house? If you're asking for a job where you'll meet his customers, will you make an attractive impression on them? If you're hoping to work for him directly, will he find you easy on the eyes as you walk through his office door, notebook in hand? Think it over. It's the new technique in job-hunting."

Think it over, readers, and let me send you further information, and meanwhile, to get a good start, do this:

Begin your campaign for a clear skin now. Correct that bumpy condition, and look as attractive as you are competent when you go after that job—boys as well as girls. Send ten cents in stamps to Mary Lee, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, for a good trial size of liquid complexion soap. Use it and forget problem skin.



Eddie Albert is another of the Hollywood stars who has succumbed to the miniature racing car fad. Here he is with one of his fastest models.

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Reviews

[Continued from page 90]

his excellent direction. The wonderful Mr. S. Z. Sakall gives another of his priceless performances, and Eddie Albert wanders through the story in his always unique style. Stand-outs in the cast are Jane Wyman, Spring Byington, William Orr and Ann Gillis. For pure pleasure don't miss this.

SUSAN AND GOD

CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION—M-G-M

JOAN CRAWFORD and Fredric March co-star in this excellent screen version of the Rachel Crothers' play, and Joan and Freddie both give out with top-notch performances that are really something to write home about. The Crawford fans, and include me in, can certainly gather around and clap hands because

Joan has the best picture she's had in years, and at last a role that is worthy of her. Joan plays Susan, a fluttery socialite, who returns from a trip abroad and announces to her society friends that she has become a disciple of Lady Wigstaff (*Constance Collier*), and has found "a new approach to God." She insists that all her friends "confess" and thereby messes their lives up beautifully. But she is brought to earth, at last, by her drunken husband (*Freddie*), who challenges her to apply her new-found religion to her own marriage and make a home, for the summer, for her daughter. Before it is too late, Susan realizes that she has been a selfish so-and-so and returns to her husband. George Cukor has done an excellent job of direction, and is particularly brilliant in his handling of young Rita Quigley, who plays the daughter. Susan's socialite friends are Ruth Hussey, Rose Hobart, Nigel Bruce, Rita Hayworth, Bruce Cabot and John Carroll.

UNTAMED

COOL OFF WITH A BLIZZARD—Paramount

THIS is the new version of the Sinclair Lewis novel which was originally filmed under the title of "Mantrap," and in which the luscious Clara Bow played the lead. Patricia Morison, also luscious, this time plays the young wife who has married big husky Canadian woodsman Akim Tamiroff out of gratitude. Into the north woods comes Ray Milland, a young doctor who is trying to get away from it all, and of course he and Patricia fall in love and there's the old problem of what to do about the husband. He's finished off nicely in a blizzard, but not a corn-flakes blizzard, a real honest-to-goodness one that will practically have your breath forming icicles just from looking at it. The picture makes excellent use of Technicolor, and is just the thing to see these hot summer days when the tar is soft in the streets.

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 75]

Brothers' endless procession of biographies. This is about Julius Reuter who founded the now famous Reuter News Service. As a boy, Reuter (*Dickie Moore*) becomes deeply interested in hastening mail to its destination when he guides James Stephenson (*special courier for the overland service of the London Times*) to the president of the bank in the little village of Gottingen, Germany, particularly when he hears Paul Irving (*the banker*) express a need for even faster handling of the mail.

Sixteen years later Reuter, now grown (*Edward G. Robinson*), opens a news business in Brussels with branches in several middle European cities. They deliver messages by carrier pigeons between towns and cities lacking that new-fangled and uncertain means of communication—the electric telegraph.

He sees his chance to publicize his business when Edward McWade (*a chemist*) rushes in with the news that he has sent some fever medicine that has been poisoned, to a hospital in Aachen, and he wants to warn the doctor not to use it.

"Quick," says Robinson, "to whom does this go?"

"Dr. Magnus—Aachen Central Hospital."

Robinson hurriedly scribbles a message on a "flimsy"—a sheet of thin paper. "Fever medicine poisoned. Do not use." He pushes it towards McWade. "Sign this." The chemist signs and Robinson quickly writes another—and another, ordering him to sign all of them.

"But they're all the same," McWade protests.

"We'll send three pigeons," Robinson explains, already risen and on his way, "and then no matter what happens, one of them will get through. Can't take any chances."

But when they reach the pigeon pens the cages are open—empty.

* * *

I DRIFT over to the next stage where James Stewart and Rosalind Russell

are making "No Time for Comedy."

He's a playwright and she's a famous actress who is about to begin rehearsals in his new play, but she hasn't met him yet and doesn't know who he is. They are sitting in the orchestra when she discovers she hasn't any cigarettes. And Jimmie, the gent, gallantly offers to go out and get her some.

"Wait a minute," Regal Roz commands, digging in her purse. "Here's the fifteen cents."

"Oh, I—I—" Jimmie begins, frightfully embarrassed.

"Here—quarter is the smallest I have," she announces, handing him the coin.

"Why, I—I—" Jimmie stammers, shocked at the idea of taking money from a lady.

Then Miss Russell looks at his suit and understands. "You can keep the change," she offers magnificently.

Jim starts to flee in confusion, hesitates half way up the aisle, stops and turns: "I—I really ought to be here when they start the play."

"I'll tell you about it," she condescendingly promises.

But just then the manager comes up. "Oh, Linda, I want you to meet our author, Gaylord Esterbrook," he introduces them.

For once, the fair Rosalind, as she stares at him in horrified surprise, is speechless. But not for long. "Give me back my quarter," she commands.

* * *

THERE is one other picture shooting out here—"Money and the Woman," featuring Jeffrey Lynn, Brenda Marshall, and Roger Pryor, but the scene Brenda is doing with a little baby is not important, so there's no use going into it.

Next stop is—

United Artists

WALTER WANGER has a picture shooting here called "Foreign Correspondent," starring Joel McCrea and

Laraine Day, with Herbert Marshall, George Sanders, Albert Basserman and Robert Benchley prominently featured.

Joel is the foreign correspondent and has just met Laraine at a banquet the Organization for Universal Peace is giving, somewhere abroad. He thinks she is the publicity woman for the organization. He is struggling with a Mrs. Appleby and a Latvian. A waiter passes with a tray of cocktails and Joel takes one and hands it to the Latvian who tosses it off with an enthusiastic guttural speech of appreciation.

"Now, we're getting somewhere," Joel smiles. "The universal language." He hands the foreigner another and takes one himself. "One more of these and I'll be speaking your language."

The foreigner senses this is a joke and goes off into a gale of laughter. Laraine, making notes in a little book, almost runs into them. The foreigner beams at her, bows sharply and, in his own tongue: "How do you do, Miss Carol?"

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Preszedydyl?" she comes back in the same tongue.

Joel stares at her open-mouthed for a moment and then hastily decides to be a "racy" foreign correspondent. "They come in pairs," he laughs. "Sister, if you speak English, give me a hand with the Laughing Latvian. What's his racket? What's he speaking?"

"Latvian," says Laraine.

"No kidding!" he comes back. "I didn't know the Lats had a language. I thought they just rubbed noses. You actually speak Latvian?" he goes on admiringly.

"Just enough to get around," she assures him.

"What does 'getting around' consist of in Latvia?" he persists.

"I don't think you'll have any trouble," she squelches him.

Maybe he won't, but if I don't bring this to a close I'm going to have trouble with the editor so—until next month—"So long, folks."

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